LVDOVICVS XIIII
REX GALLIAE

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Obſervations upon the

GOVERNMENT

OF THE

KINGDOM

OF

FRANCE,

DURING

The Reigns of *Henry* the Fourth, Sirnamed the *Great*,

Lewis the Thirteenth, Sirnamed the *Juſt*,

But more at large of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, Sirnamed, *Given of God*, the *Great*, and the *Invincible*.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1689.

To his GRACE the

DUKE of ***

May it pleaſe your Grace,

I *Once thought this Triſle capable of affording me Diverſion, yet, though I much deſire it, I cannot think it Worthy of meriting your Grace's Patronage. The Piece it ſelf in many places being of no Value, and the Performance in the Tranſlation is ſo every where, which is the reaſon I prefix neither your Grace's Name nor my Own. The thing I am moſt proud of in the World, is your Graces Favour and Acquaintance, and is what I will ever glory in upon all other occaſions; yet, reſolving, never publickly to own my ſelf a Scribler. It is not juſt your Name, for which I have ſo much Veneration, ſhould be placed before that, which I fear may bring my own Sence into Que-*

ſtion: However, there is this advantage in being Concealed, that your Grace cannot be cenſured for your Friendſhip, to a Perſon Unworthy of ſo much Goodneſs. I wiſh I were able to give your Grace a more particular Account of this Tract; but I could never learn any thing of it, but that it came from Holland. *It was ſhown me many Months ſince, and then Tranſlated. It is a Collection made up of Panegyrick and Scandal; and if in ſome places it is more favourable than the baſe Character deſerves, the Collector is not to blame, who doubtleſs was a French Man; and, though he be ſevere enough upon his Princes, is yet much a* Boutannian, *whoſe Servile and Uncleanly way of Honouring their* Grand Monarque (*deſcribed by Monſ.* Tavernier) *deſerves to be Proverbially applied, not only to many of the French, but their Slaviſh Mimicks.*

I gueſſed this would not be Ungrateful, if made Engliſh, to ſhew what bleſſed People thoſe were, whoſe Conduct and Government, not long was ſo much admired by ſome of their Neighbours. The

Vertues

Vertues of thoſe Pillars of the Church of Rome, *here mentioned, was yet a greater Inducement, and made me huddle it over the quicker (to which, I hope, the Incorrectneſs will be aſcribed) that it might get into the World, when their Impudence and Tyrany was moſt Rampant here. That it has lain thus long, I matter not, let him look to that, who is to get by it (if he can.) The Obſervations on Monſ.* Turenne, *I imagine, by the Style in French, to be done by a different Hand; the few things mentioned here, are otherwiſe related then in his Printed Life: And I doubt not but your Grace, whoſe delight is Arms, Honor, and the good of your Country, will be pleaſed enough with the matter, and paſs over the defects of Expreſſion. As to the Reaſons of Mar.* Turenne's *ſhameful Apoſtacy, I differ from the Author; for whether he were Cheated into it, like many others, by the Biſhop of* Meaux's *New Popery, or led by ſome other motives, very unlike the reſt of the Character of his Soul and Underſtanding. I know not, but cannot help thinking, it is the moſt villanous Blot in his, or any other*

other reaſonable Mans Life; and as incapable of an Apology, as the Hereſie he embraced, is of an honeſt Defence: Thus, Sir, whilſt I am incognito, I have taken the liberty of an Impertinent Maſquerader, and talked more than comes to the ſhare of a Dedicator; but ſince I am no needy Mercenary one, I think my ſelf the leſs bound up to their Methods: Yet were I not ſenſible that your Grace has with your Wit and Judgment, a wonderful Condeſention and Obligingneſs, I ſhould not have thus preſumed; but your Grace finds that it is the Fate of thoſe, who are univerſally Admired and Beloved, to be as often Importuned, as Pleaſed; and if I have treſpaſſed on good Breeding, I beſeech your Grace, to believe it to be the Zealous effect of both my Inclination and Choice, ever to Honour you, and be with reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient

and moſt Humble Servant,

†††††‡†.

OBSERVATIONS

Upon the

GOVERNMENT

OF THE

Kingdom of *FRANCE*, &c.

OBSERVAT. I.

Concerning the Sirname of Great, *attributed to* Hen. *the Fourth.*

THE *French* Writers have uſually compared *Henry* the *Great* to the Conqueror of *Aſia*: For *Alexander* was of a low ſtature, but of an invincible Courage; and a *Scythian* Embaſſador very handſomly inſinuated it in an Eloquent Diſcourſe, to theſe excellent Expreſſions, *Si magnitudinem ani-*

mi tui corpus tuum æquaret, universus Orbis non te caperet, altera manu contingeres Orientem, altera Occidentem. If thy Body were equal to thy Courage, the whole World wou'd not contain thee; for with one Hand thou wou'dst touch the *East*, with the other the *West*. *Juvenal* speaking of *Alexander*, and alluding to his being a little Man, says,

Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit Orbis.
—— Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum Corpuscula.

Our Illustrious *Henry* was a little short Man, but his small Body contained a Noble Heroical Soul; and in his time the *French* applied that Proverb to him, * *Small appearance and Great matters.* He had the Title of Great for his valiant Actions; which made him be look'd upon as the Balancer of the World. And for his intirely suppressing the League, and driving Foreign Enemies out of the very Heart of his Kingdom; these Verses were therefore usually put under his Picture, or Statue:

* *Petite mine & grand jeu.*

Endomtant mes sujets, guerroyant l'Etranger,
La gloire de mon Nom n'a point eu de seconde.

Et

Et lors que le deſtin vint mes jours abreger,
Je m'etois fait Monarque & l'Arbitre du Monde.

By Taming Rebels, Conquering Foreign Foes,
The Glory of my Name no equal knows.
But when I fell by an untimely Fate,
I was the Balance of all *Europe's* State.

This Gallant Prince was ſo overjoy'd, when he was compared to *Alexander*, that he gave a very great reward to *Malherbe* the Poet, for four Verſes he made *extempore* upon a little Horſe that this Monarch rid upon.

Petit Cheval, gentil Cheval,
Propre à montrer, propre à deſcendre
Tu n'és pas tant que Bucéphal.
Tu portes plus grand qu' Alexandre.

Pretty Horſe, little Horſe,
Yet fit to bear the World's Commander.
Thou want'ſt *Bucephalus* his Force,
Thy Lord ſurpaſſes *Alexander*.

Some are apt to think that the Sirname of *Great*, was not given to this King for his great Actions only, but for the deſign he had of giving *France* the bounds it had

of Old, ſo that he intended to extend the Kingdom *Eaſtward* to the *Rhine*, *Weſtward* to the *Pyrenean Hills*, *Southward* to the *Alpes*, and *Northward* to the *Ocean*; but the untimely Death of this Monarch ſtop'd this great Work, which has ſtill been endeavoured at by his Succeſſors; and the preſent King ſeems to be pretty well advanced toward it.

OBSERVAT. II.

Of the Firſt Marriage of Henry *the Fourth.*

IF ever any King was Unfortunate in his Marriages it was he; for, though his Heart were very ſenſible of Love, and his Inclinations to it too Violent; yet it was always his Fortune to find full as much Diſſatisfaction, as Pleaſure in his Amours. His Firſt Marriage with *Margaret* of *Valois*, was only made for a blind, the better under the ſpecious Pretence of that Alliance, to commit that Maſſacre on St. *Bartholomew's* Day; in which, againſt all the Rules of Wiſdom, they contrived the Deſtruction of *Henry*, who was then but King of *Navarre*. There hapned then an accident

accident very ſurpriſing, which was, that when the Maſſacrers ſought him, to Diſpatch him, he was ſitting alone in a Room with his Wife; and ſeeing every Place ſtreaming with the Blood of his beſt Friends, and theſe Villains haſtning to cut his Throat, he thought of hiding himſelf after this manner; Queen *Margaret* ſate in a great Chair, and at that time Farthingales were worn, which made their Petty-coats ſtand out round, our *Henry* hid himſelf underneath, between his Wives Thighs. The Aſſaſſinates having broke open the Door, and ſeeing no Body but the Queen, ask'd her where the King her Husband was? She without changing her Countenance, or ſhewing any Concern, haughtily told 'em he went away from her in a great deal of haſte; ſo that theſe Murtherers, who always look'd upon this Lady with a great deal of reſpect, departed without Executing their purpoſe; and, therefore it was merrily ſaid, That *Margarets* Petty-coats ſaved King *Henry*'s Life.

This Queen was the Siſter of *Charles* IX. of the Duke of *Anjou*, afterwards King of *Poland*, and *Henry* III. and of the Duke of *Alenſon*. She had extream Violent Inclinations to two things, that were very different, Learning and Love; ſo that ſhe

was called the *Minerva* and *Venus* of *France*. It is a Common report that ſhe made good Verſes, with great readineſs; and it is a known Story, that this Princeſs one Day taking the Air, ſaw a Poor Scholar lying on a Dunghil, ſhe ſaid to him, *Pauper ubique jacet*; which he hearing preſently writ down this Diſtich, and preſented to her.

In thalamis, Regina, tuis hac nocte jacerem;
Si verum hoc eſſet, pauper ubique jacet.

Whereupon as ſoon as this pleaſant Lady had read them, ſhe ſent him theſe *extempore*,

Carceris in tenebris plorans hac nocte jaceres;
Si verum hoc eſſet, pauper ubique jacet.

And indeed this Princeſs was ſo fond of Learning, that ſhe continually entertained at her Table the greateſt Scholars of the Kingdom. As for what concerns her Love, it's ſaid, that ſhe never denied her Lovers any thing; and *Henry*, who let her do what ſhe pleas'd, rather look'd upon her as the King of *France*'s Siſter, than as his own Wife, for neither of them had that Love for each other, which is neceſſary for a real Marriage. But ſhe was afterwards Divorced from *Henry* for her Barrenneſs; but after the Diſſolution of the Marriage,

the

the good Lady by a Lover of hers had two Children. She had been brought up, and incouraged in theſe Practices, by her own Mother *Catharine de Medicis*, who was uſually called the fourth Fury of Hell, as appears by theſe Verſes, ſaid to be made by Q. *Marg.* her own Daughter.

Tres Erebi Furias poſt hac, ne credite Vates,
Addita nam quarta eſt his Catharina tribus.
Quod ſi tres furias de ſe dimiſerit Orcus,
Hæc Catharina tamen pro tribus una foret.

That there are but three Furies; think no more,
For *Catharine* is added to make four.
Nay, were the reſt from their dark Manſion gone,
Their place might be ſupplied by her alone.

This Queen *Catharine*, as *Thuanus* reports, was very Cunning, and of a malicious Temper; and had a Company of Fortune-tellers and Conjurers that always followed her, and becauſe they had all Foretold her that ſhe ſhould be Deſtroy'd the Ruins of a Houſe, *qu'elle ſeroit accablée ſous les Ruïnes d'une Maiſon*; ſhe never would go into any till her Work-man had Survey'd it, to know if it were ſtrongly Built. But after the Death of the Duke

of *Guiſe*, and the Cardinal of *Lorrain* his Brother, who were kill'd at *Blois*, and were the great Creatures and Favourites of this Queen; ſhe took it ſo to Heart, that ſhe fell Sick and Died of Grief. A little before ſhe expired, ſhe had two Ladies near her, one of them was a Proteſtant, and the other a Papiſt, who both Exhorting her to lift up her Soul to God her Maker, and implore his Divine Mercy; ſhe ſpoke theſe Words, *My good Friends now my Days are ended by the Ruins of a Houſe.* For of all her Sons, there now only remained *Henry* III. who had no Children, nor had hopes of any, ſo that the Houſe of *Valois* was at an end.

They ſay, that ſhe made uſe of the Conjurations of theſe Wizards, to know who ſhould ſucceed her Sons; which they did by the means of a Looking-glaſs, and ſhewed her who ſhould have the Crown after the Race of *Valois*. The Firſt that appeared was our *Henry* IV. for whom ſhe had ſuch an Averſion, and ſo implacably hated him, that ever after ſhe uſed her uttermoſt endeavour to deſtroy him. *Notúmque furens quid fœmina poſſit*, but God delivered him from all her ſnares. After him ſhe ſaw in the Glaſs *Lewis* XIII. and then appeared one with a ſtately Mien and Majeſtick Air, which was *Lewis* XIV.

After

After whom the Magick-glaſs ſhewed her a Company of Jeſuits, who were to have their turn to be abſolute Maſters of *France*. She then won'd ſee no more, and was ready to break the Glaſs; but, however it was preſerved, and it's reported that it is kept at preſent in the *Louvre*.

OBSERVAT. III.

Concerning the Second Marriage of Henry *the Fourth.*

IF *Henry* the *Great* was Unfortunate in his Firſt Marriage, he had but very little better Fortune in his Second, except his Poſterity. For the firſt Night he lay with his Wife *Mary de Medicis*, there was fix'd over his Bridal Chamber, in great Letters, theſe Words of the Scripture, *Non erat opus Bene-valentibus Medicis*; which was a Satyrical alluſion to the Queens Family, who was Daughter to the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, of the Houſe of *Medicis*. Theſe Illuſtrious Lovers did not always agree very well, their particular Intrigues made 'em often Quarrel; the Queen had great Heart-burnings, to ſee the Kings ſeveral Miſtreſſes; and the King could not bear the

the Queens Leudneſs with the Marquis of *Ancre* an *Italian*, that was her Favorite. One Night, when they lay together, after ſome Curtain-lectures, and ſharp Reproaches of each other, the Queen got up, and flew at his Face, and in the heighth of her Anger ſcratch'd him ſoundly; the King for his part ſpared her no more than ſhe did him; ſo that to end this Combat, thoſe of the Bed-Chamber then in Waiting, were fain to run and call the Duke *de Sully*, Lord Treaſurer, who had a great aſcendant over the King's Temper, he haſtned to the *Louvre* and after he had very much intreated the King, and remonſtrated to him how ſcandalous it was; he obliged him, to hinder further diſorder, to quit the Field, and carried him to lodge in another Chamber.

OBSERVAT. IV.

Concerning the Temper, and Diſpoſition of Henry *the* Great.

THe Servants that were moſt intimate with this Prince, have always tax'd him with want of Gratitude, and not rewarding thoſe that were moſt Faithful and

and Loyal to him, which Monſieur *d'Aubigny* very ſmartly expreſſed; for when the King had given him his Picture, as a particular Reward and Favour, he was ſo bold as to write theſe Verſes under it.

Ce Prince eſt d'etrange Nature,
Je ne ſçai qui Diable l'a fait;
Car il récompenſe en Peinture
Ceux qui le ſervent en effet.

This Prince is of a very odd Nature,
Who the Devil made him ſo?
Though he's ſubſtantially ſerv'd by his Creature,
He only rewards him with ſhadow and ſhow.

But yet we may ſee an extraordinary Inſtance of his Liberality in the Preſent he made of his Houſe at
* *La Fleche* to the Jeſuits, which is the nobleſt College they have in *France*. Of this College and another call'd *L'Arc*, or the Bow, which they have at *Dole*, in *Franche Comté*, one who was no Friend to their Order, made this Diſtich,

* *The Arrow.*

Arcum Dola *dedit Patribus, dedit Alma Sagittam*
Gallia; *quis funem quem meruere dabit?*

Dole

Dole gave the Bow, *France* did the Arrow bring;
But who ſhall give what they deſerve, the String?

The Jeſuits anſwer'd in French to this purpoſe,

L'Arc & la Fleche ſont à nous
Prêts à décocher contre vous,
Mais pour ce qui eſt de la Corde
Elle eſt à vous, je vous l'accorde.

The Bow and the Arrow we have,
Which we are ready to ſhoot againſt you
To you the String we will leave,
Becauſe we think it your due.

Which was anſwered.

L'Arc & la Fleche vous avez
De la France *&* *de* l'Eſpagne;
Mais pour la Corde vous l'aurées
Du Roi de la Grande Bretagne.

The Arrow you from *France* did gain,
The Bow was given you by *Spain*:
But we hope from *England*'s King
You'll have what fits you beſt, the String.

But if *Henry* the Great did not beſtow his

his Rewards ſo liberally as his Predeceſſor *Henry* the Third, who ſaid, he only ſhared the whole Kingdom with his beloved Servants, yet he had another quality, which, in ſome meaſure, made amends for his want of Liberality, which was, that he patiently endured his Servants Complaints and Reproaches without being angry. And there is a remarkable Inſtance of it; for once when Monſieur *La Force* and *D'Aubigny*, two of his Favorites, lay together in a Field-bed, near his Majeſties Bed, Mr. *D'Aubigny* thinking the King had bin faſt aſleep, began as he uſually did, to complain of the King's Ingratitude, very often repeating to *La Force*, who was juſt dropping aſleep, and ſnoring, Sir, our Maſter is the baſeſt and moſt ungrateful Fellow upon the face of the Earth; and as the other who was ſlumbering, only replyed, What ſay'ſt thou, *D'Aubigny*? The King, who was awake, and heard this goodly Dialogue; cryed out, *La Force*, Hearken a little; doſt thou not hear what *D'Aubigny* ſays? how that I am the baſeſt and moſt ingrateful Fellow upon the face of the Earth: And yet, for all this, he never mentioned it to either of 'em ever afterwards. He was extreamly pleaſed with Raillery, and a thing well and home ſaid; of which there are ſeveral Examples in his Hiſtory,

but this I have not read, which is that in that time there was a ſevere Song made upon the Clergy of *France*, called, *La Vache à Colas*, or *Nick*'s *Cow*, (or may be, like *Colly my Cow*;) which was burnt at *Paris* by the Hangman, and all people of what quality ſoever, were forbid ſinging it, but the Prohibition made it be ſung the more. One day, when the King was in the *Louvre* with ſome Courtiers about him, the Duke *de la Force*, then Captain of the Guards, came towards the King in great haſte, the Count *de Grammont*, who was his mortal Enemy, was by, who, to abuſe him, ſung theſe Words aloud,

Voicy venir la Force,
Qui vient à grand Force,
Voir la Vache à Cola,
Fa, la, la; &c.

Here comes *la Force*
With all his Force,
To ſee *Nicklis*'s Cow.

The King was pleaſed with this, and made it be repeated when *La Force* was come to them, who immediately addreſſing himſelf to *Grammont*, who was counted a Cuckold by all the Court,

Les

Les Cornes de la Vache
Serviront de Panache
A Grammont *que Voila,*
Fa, la, la, &c.

The Cows horn
For a Plume, may adorn
Grammont, that ſtands there,
When he feathers will wear,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

The King, turning to *Grammont*, cry'd, *Ventre St. Gris*, Thou art paid home; and they ſay, that this diſguſted *Grammont*, to that degree, that he immediately left the Court, and never appear'd there more. But to return to our *Henry*, his faithfulleſt Friends have thought his Love for his Miſtreſſes was too violent; for it was to that degree, that to enjoy one of them, which is reported to be the fair *Gabrielle d'Eſtrée*, before he was married to *Mary de Medicis*, he took ſome of his own Blood to ſign a Promiſe of Marriage; but Monſieur *de Sully*, Superintendent of the Finances, or Treaſurer, ſeeing that Writing, tore it before the King's Face, the King ſaying, *Ventre St. Gris*, I believe you are mad; yes, Sir, replyed *Sully*, but wou'd to God I were the only Mad-man in the Kingdom. Another time Madam *D'Entragues* made

made him promise to give her 50000 Crowns the first time he lay with her, and going out of this noble Mistress's Lodging, and seeing Monsieur *de Sully* in the Antichamber, telling out the Sum, asked him, who that Mony was for? *Sully* answering, it was for Madam *d'Entragues*, says the King, *Ventre St. Gris*, this is a damnable dear Nights Lodging. Indeed *Demosthenes* said of *Thais* the Courtizan, *Tanti Pœnitere non emo*: They say he committed several mean things to come at his Mistresses, sometimes disguising himself like a Country Fellow, sometimes like a Porter or Labourer, to get at them with more ease.

In point of Religion, he was justly counted by all *Europe* a mere Turn-coat: He was born a *Roman* Catholick; but *Jane*, Queen of *Navarre*, his Mother, secretly instilling into him the Principles of the Protestant Religion, he afterwards made open profession of it at *Rochelle*, and was there declared the Protector of the Protestant Churches in *France*. At the Massacre of St. *Bartholomew*, to save his Life, he was forc'd to change again, but it was only in appearance; for two years after he fled from the Court, and being come to *Alenson*, he abjured the Papist Religion, and continued a Protestant till he

he came to the Crown. He uſed to ſay, *Ventre St. Gris*, the Crown of *France* ſure is worth a Maſs; but as his Heart did not go along with his Mouth, when he ſaw others follow his Example, he uſed to tell them, Why do you change? you have no Crown to gain. However, ſome time after he quite changed his Mind, by the Jeſuites Endeavours, that were about him, eſpecially Father *Cotton*, whom he had great Confidence in. For a few days before his Murther, going to *Fountain-bleau*, and the Regiment of Guards with him, it began to rain very hard, and therefore letting his Guards march before, he ſtaid behind alone with Monſieur *de la Force*, who was a Proteſtant and his Favourite, and talking familiarly with him of the two Religions, he ſpoke theſe Words with a great air of Sincerity, My good Friend, the *Roman* Religion is not ſo full of Idolatry as I thought it was heretofore. Which plainly ſhews that he was no longer indifferent, but firmly perſwaded of the truth of that Religion.

This Great Prince was ſo very ſenſible of the Malice of *Catharine de Medicis*, that he uſed to ſay to his Confidents, There are four things when I think of them, that fright me, *Catharine*'s Magick Glaſs, her Clock, her Bed, and St. *Bartholomew*'s

Massacre, which was contrived by her and her Son the Duke of *Anjou*, after King of *Poland*, and then King of *France*, who, for his Device, used to give two Crowns, and a third pointed with Stars, with this Inscription, *Manet ultima Cœlo*. And upon the front of the *Louvre*, *Triplicem dabit ille Corona*. To which was satyrically added,

Tertia sic dabitur, tenuit velut ante secundam.

The day that this potent Monarch was stab'd at *Paris*, in the Street of the *Feronnerie*, there hapned a surprising thing in *Bearn*. As the Duke *de la Force*'s Son, who was Vice-Roy of *Navarre*, was walking with abundance of Gentlemen, by the little River of *Pau*, all the Cows that were in the Meadows, at the same time, ran with an extraordinary violence, so that it was impossible to stop them, and threw themselves headlong into the *Pau*, and were drowned. This was lookt upon as a Prodigy; and the Vice-Roy observ'd the time and hour that it hapned, very exactly, as thinking it might presage some Disaster; and so it hapned, for a few days after there came an Express of that execrable Parricide committed upon the King's Person, at the very same hour the Cows drowned themselves. The reason of this

is, the Cows are part of the Arms of *Navarre* where this hapned.

But while this gallant Prince designed great things, and had raised a numerous Army, he was barbarously murther'd by *Ravaillac*, in the Month of *May*, and the Year 1610. which, in few words, hapned after this manner.

He went from the *Louvre* to visit the Duke of *Sully* at the *Arsenal*, who was sick, and passing through a Street near St. *Innocent's* Church-yard, which then was very narrow, called the *Feronnerie*; his Coach meeting with Hay-carts, was stop'd: And the Footmen that ran by the sides, were forced to quit it: At this moment the Monster *Ravaillac* got near the Coach, and setting his Foot upon one of the Wheels, struck the King (who sat at the end of the Coach, and then lean'd upon the Duke *d'Espernon*) with a Knife, which leaning stretcht his Body, and made him lye so open, that it proved mortal. The King cryed, I am hurt, and then *Ravaillac* stab'd him again into the very Heart. He never spoke after the second stroke, but only fetcht a great Sigh, and groaned a little. So that this Verse of *Virgil* was very well applyed to him.

Vitaq; cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

Monsieur *de la Force*, who sat next him, took hold of him, and endeavour'd to help him as well as he cou'd, holding his Handkerchief upon his Wound, from whence the Blood gushed out in great quantity, but all in vain; for he was already gone. Thus lamentably died this brave Prince.

O B-

OBSERVATIONS

Upon the

GOVERNMENT

OF

LEWIS XIII.

Sirnamed the *JUST.*

OBSERVAT. I.

Concerning the Government of Mary de Medicis, *Queen Regent of* France, *in the Minority of* Lewis *the Thirteenth.*

IMmediately after the Death of *Henry* the Fourth, his Queen *Mary de Medicis* was declared Regent or Protectreſs of the Kingdom during the Minority of *Lewis*

the Thirteenth, notwithſtanding all the Oppoſition of the Princes of the Blood, who diſputed and oppoſed her Authority. The firſt Action of her Government, was the terrible Execution of *Ravaillac*. But ſince it is deſcribed at large in the Hiſtories of thoſe times, I will only mention two Particulars that they are ſilent in. The firſt is, That this abominable Parricide was approved of at the Court of *Rome*; and ſome there are that affirm, his Picture was placed among thoſe that are accounted Martyrs. The other, That the Judges that took his Examination and Confeſſion, were ſo troubled and frighted at his Depoſitions, that they took an Oath of Secreſy among themſelves, never to diſcloſe the particulars that this abominable Monſter had diſcovered. Which has afforded great matter of enquiry to thoſe that were curious and inquiſitive in this Affair: But whenever any enquiry was made of the Judges themſelves, they returned no Anſwer, but lifted up their Shoulders, and hung down their Heads.

Among other of *Ravaillac*'s Anſwers, once he ſpoke to the *Mareſchal de la Force*, and told him, *Sir, you have twice hindred me from killing the King*: And, indeed this Lord has ſince ſaid, *That he very well remembers, that he thruſt him by once when he*

was

was approaching the King's Perſon, obſerving ſomething very Fatal, and Malevolent in his looks.

At the beginning of the Queens Government, the Princes, and great Men, began to Cabal, and make Parties againſt her. She had ſeveral ſecret Meetings at *Paris*; but their Projects taking Wind, the Duke of *Bouillon*, who was of the Party, and one of the moſt refined Polititians of his time, adviſed them all to leave *Paris*; not at all doubting but the Queen would ſecure them all, to prevent a Civil War. The Prince of *Conde*, and the reſt Anſwered him, and ſaid, *The Queen durſt not undertake a thing of that Conſequence. Very well, Gentlemen, you may do as you pleaſe, but, as for me, I'll immediately get a Horſe-back, and ride away to ſave my ſelf in Silk-ſtockings; but if they make me wear out a pair, I ſwear, I'll make them wear a* 100 *pair of Boots.* And ſo it proved; for the Queen no ſooner had intimation of his flight, but ſhe apprehended and impriſoned the Princes, which did not contribute a little to the Eſtabliſhment of her Power; though it was then ſaid as a Jeſt, or Quibble, *That the Queen muſt needs be very ill, ſince ſhe was not able to take her Bouillon*, which ſignifies *a meſs of Broth.*

In this minority of *Lewis* XIII. *Mary*,

Queen Regent, who Governed all things, only acted as she was managed by the the Marquis of *Ancre* her great Favourite. It was usually said then, that *France*, compared to a Ship, was very safe, since it was at *Ancre*; to which was applied this Verse of *Virgils Æneis, lib.* 6.

Anchora de prorâ jacitur, stant littore puppes.

But others there were, who maliciously Explained this Verse, to the scandal of the Queens Person; who, to say truth, only liv'd for *Mons. d'Ancre.*

During this *Regence*, when the Princes and great Men were either Imprisoned, or Banished, the Governors of the Provinces, who were all very affectionate for his Majesties Service, were retired to their several commands, to keep all things in Peace and Quietness. At this time it hapned, that the *Jews* and *Moors*, who before had enjoyed Peace and Liberty; but for the horrible Crimes, real, or imaginary, that they committed against the Glory of Christianity, were expelled by the King of *Spain* out of his Dominions. There went cross the Strait of *Gibraltar* into *Africk*, about 300000, and over the *Pyrenean hills* the like number; but as these would pass

paſs the Mountains, to go through *Bearn*, where the Mareſchal *de la Force* was Vice Roy, the *Jews* and *Maranes*, or *Moors* begged liberty of Paſſage, and offered him a *Ducat* a Head: The Vice Roy, who was very firm to the Orders and Intereſt of the Queen, would do nothing in it of his own Authority, but diſpatch an Expreſs to her, Declaring how the matter ſtood, to know her Pleaſure, and if ſhe would make her advantage of what they offered, for their Paſſage. The Queen who had a great value and eſteem for him, permitted it, and let him know he might make what advantage he pleaſed for himſelf. And every thing was diſpoſed for their paſſing the River *Pau* in Boats, on the ſide of which was an empty Boat, into which every Paſſenger threw in his *Ducat*. As ſome Thouſands were already paſſed, the Vice Roy came in Perſon, with ſome of his chief Followers; and ſeeing theſe Paſſengers all in Rags and Tatters, and with miſerable Pale and Lean Countenances; he was ſo much moved to Compaſſion, that he cry'd out, *I will have none of the Mony of theſe Unfortunate People, and, as for that already in the Boat, ſhare it among you.* This Paſſage of theirs laſted 2 or 3 Weeks, and they were no ſooner out of the bounds of his Government, but the Perſons that he had

had ſent to convey them, told him, *That all their Rags and Torn Cloaths were quilted full of pieces of Gold; ſo that they were called the* Gibeonites *of the Age*; and the V. R. very much repented he had imployed his Pitty ſo ill, and was only laugh'd at at Court for it.

The Marquis of *Ancre*, as we have ſaid, by the Favour of the Queen Regent, had all the Authority to his Death: But at length *Lewis* growing up, and being ſenſible of the Diſhonor this *Italian* Favorite did to the Royal Family, he cauſed him to be killed in the Court of the *Louvre*, in the midſt of a 100 Gentlemen, that were about him in manner of a Guard. The Duke of *Vitry* killed him; but before he did it he would have repeated Orders, and very exact, from his Majeſty. *Sir*, ſaid he, *is it your abſolute Will and Pleaſure it ſhould be done?* The King then talked a while privately, with the Marquis of *Montpouillan*, who was then his chief Favourite; and he came to *Monſ. de Vitry*, and ſaid, *The King our Maſter is not a Prince that delights in Blood; but for the Honour and Good of his Kingdom, he would have his commands Executed, if the Marquis of* Ancre *offers to reſiſt, or lay Hand on his Sword*; he then immediately went about it, and Piſtolled him. Thus ended the Favour and Life of this

this *Italian*, who while he lived was called the Second *Sejanus*; and, indeed, he was uſed as the Firſt was, after he was dead; for his Body was drawn Ignominiouſly about the Streets of *Paris*, and torn to pieces; his Family likewiſe ſhared his misfortune, his Wife being put to Death for a Sorcereſs.

The ſtate of Affairs was very wavering for ſeveral Years; the Queen being in a great Conſternation, the King had no other Favourite but the Marquis of *Montpouillan*, who quite threw himſelf out by advancing two Gentlemen of *Provence*, who were ſo very Poor, that they had but one Cloak between them; ſo that one was forced to ſtay at home, when the other went abroad. That which gained them the King's Favour, was their great skill in Hawking, which was the chief Pleaſure the King took; who, notwithſtanding there being introduced by *Monſ. de Montpouillan*, yet they contrived to out him, which was done after this manner.

There being then Civil Wars in *France*, about Religion, and the Marquis his Father being General of the Proteſtant Party in *Guyenne*, as the Duke of *Rohan* was in *Languedoc*. *Meſſieurs de Luynes*, made their advantage of it, and put the King into an ill Opinion of the Marquis, perſuading

ſuading him that it was not fitting he ſhould be the Kings Favourite, whoſe Father was a Rebel, and an Enemy to the King's Religion and State. The King being thus wrought upon, called the Marquis of *Montpouillan*, *and commanded him to leave the Court, and go to his Father.* The Marquis replied, after this manner; *Sir, after all the Goodneſs that I have received from you, and ſo many Favours, Will you reduce me to ſuch a terrible extremity? I have no ſhare in my Fathers Actions, and you your ſelf are a Witneſs of my Innocence and Loyalty; I had rather die than take up Arms againſt your Majeſty: Permit me to retire into* England, *or where elſe you will be pleaſed to appoint; or let me go into* Normandy *and live a retired life.* But the King would hear nothing, and in great Anger, replied, *He would have him get him to his Father.* The young Lord with great Grief obeyed him: And, after he was gone, the elder of the two *Luynes* had ſuch an aſcendent over the King, that he was made Conſtable of *France*; but as he was very malicious, he made the King go in Perſon, to the War in *Guyenne*, that he might utterly deſtroy his Benefactor. This young Lord ſeeing himſelf ſo baſely uſed, became like a raging Mad-man, and Fought without any Mercy, or giving Quarter, only he always kept a great reſpect

reſpect for the King, his Maſter; which he made appear, upon an occaſion when he could eaſily have taken the King Priſoner; for he would not ſuffer his Men to fire upon the Vanguard; but the King being paſſed, and out of danger, he cut all the Reer in pieces. And for his greater ſatisfaction, he heard of the Conſtables Death: As ſoon as he underſtood this News, he cryed out, *Now I am content to die, I ſhall die ſatisfied*; and ſo it hapned, for ſome time after, while he defended the Town of *Tonneins*, making a Sally he routed his Enemies, but received a Wound with a Pike, which killed him.

OBSERVAT. II.

Concerning the Adminiſtration of Cardinal Richelieu, *under* Lewis *the Thirteenth.*

IT was *Mary de Medicis*, the Queen Regent, that advanced Cardinal *Richelieu*, and made his Fortune, for he was very much eſteemed of by her, whilſt he was only Biſhop of *Luçon*; but ſhe was very ill requited by him, for the Cardinal having got an abſolute Power over the King's Will,

Will, he carried matters to that extremity, that he made him Banish his Mother, and his Brother, the Duke of *Orleans*; upon which this Distich was made against the King.

Turca *necat Fratrem*, Nero *Matrem*, *Gallus utrumque*;
Et quid erit Gallus? Turca Neróque *simul*.

The *Turk* his Brother, *Nero* his Mother slew;
What's *Lewis* then? Both *Turk* and *Nero* too.

The Queen Mother retired to *Cologne*, where she died the Third of *July*, 1642. And upon the common story, that the Bodies of the Three Wise Men, the Kings that came from the *East* to Worship and Offer to *Jesus Christ*, are in this City; and this poor Queen forsaken, and injured by her own Son; and assisted and maintained by Two Kings, her Sons in Law; this Epigram was made.

Tres mihi depulsæ donabant munera Reges.
Aurum Castiliæ qui pia Sceptra tenet.
Qui Regit avulsos Romana sede Britannos
Argentum, Myrrham tu mihi nate dabas.

Though

Though Baniſh'd, from Three Kings I
preſents had,
And his in Gold, the Pious *Spaniard*
made;
Silver of him, from *Papal* Bondage free;
But Son I had only bitter Myrrh from
thee.

But to return to Cardinal *Richelieu*. It was after the taking of *Rochell*, that his Power was at the higheſt pitch. For that Town had been often Beſieged, but was never taken; and, it was therefore uſually called the Maiden City of *France*, and indeed the taking of it was generally eſteemed the Cardinals Maſter-piece: The King himſelf was very often of Opinion, that they ſhould raiſe the Siege, and not obſtinately lye before a Town that was Impregnable. But the Cardinal alone continued firm to his purpoſe, and publickly ſaid, *That he would either Conquer, or Die before* Rochell.

The Cardinal acquired Immortal Glory by the *Digue*, or *Mole*, that he made in the Sea, which deprived the *Rochellers* of that aſſiſtance they uſed to receive by Sea; ſo that they, after all the Defence that was poſſible to be made, and all that was poſſible to be endured by Man, at laſt, forc'd by inſupportable Famine, they yielded. It was ſaid, this Damm, or Mole, was con-

contrived in imitation of that made by *Alexander*, when he Besieged *Tyre*, and joyn'd it to the Main-land. Several about the Court foresaw, that this Town being taken, the Cardinal would quickly be absolute Master of *France*, and that, being of a very revengeful Temper, he would take off all his Adversaries. *Monsr. de Bassompiere*, who was one of them said, *I believe we shall be mad enough to take* Rochell.

Under the Government of this Cardinal, Wit and Learning were very much valued; he took great satisfaction in advancing Persons that were Learned, and recompensed nobly all Ingenious productions of Wit and Gallantry, especially if they were made *extempore*; whereof we will instance one or two Examples. He had for his Arms two Chevrons, or broken pieces of Wood, so called in Heraldry; and among other Latin Verses, a Poet presented him with, there was this,

Fracta licet sint ligna ferunt fastigia Regni.

He found it so well turned, and it pleased him so much, that he gave the Author * a Thousand lb for it: And another time he was Compared to the first Mover of the Sphere, and was called the

* *Dix-mille Francs.*

Primum

Primum Mobile, or firſt Mover of *France*, by this Inſcription about his Picture: *Et quo movente cætera moventur, & quo agente agunt, & quo quieſcente quieſcunt.* With which he was ſo much taken, that he gave him a very good Eccleſiaſtical Benefice that preſented him with this Encomium, in a Dedication. But this great genius was not only the *Mecænas* of the Learned, but he took a great deal of Pleaſure in Criticiſing their Works, but chiefly *French* Poets; and this is an inſtance, when meeting with theſe Verſes, deſcribing Ducks in the Water.

La Canne s'humectoit dans la bourbe de l'eau,
D'une voix enroüée & d'un battement d'aîle
Animoit le Canard qui languit auprés d'elle.

With a hoarſe quacking noiſe, and Wings fluttering high,
She rouſes the Drake that ſwims ſluggiſhly by.

The Cardinal, out of a piece of Criticiſme, ſaid to the Poet, *Sir, you would have done better to put* Barbotoit, *that ſtirs up, rather than rouſes; it would be much pro-*

perer, and I adviſe you to put it in. The Poet, out of Humor, replied, *My Lord, I won't change, nor alter my Piece, what I have written I am ſure is very well writ:* But, ſays the Cardinal, *Sir, I'll reward you very well, only ſatisfie me in it.* The Poet very poſitively, and much in love with his own Judgment, flat and plainly refuſed him, which angred the Cardinal to that degree, that he uſed him like a Rogue, and cauſed him to be thruſt out of Doors. But juſt upon this comes in an Embaſſador from a Forreign Prince, who very Ingeniouſly Complemented his Eminence, in Extolling the great Power he had in *France*; but he interrupted him with theſe Words, *No, my Lord Embaſſador, do not think ſo, my Power is not ſo great as you imagine; for a little naſty Poet, do whatever I could, would not ſo much as put one Word inſtead of another, by which, you may eaſily ſee my Authority is not ſo great as it is eſteemed.* The worſt quality that this Cardinal had, was to deſtroy, without Mercy, his Enemies, and all thoſe that oppoſed his Grandeur, or the eſtabliſhment of his Fortune. This was the only reaſon, why he cauſed the Marſhal *de Marillac*, without any other cauſe, and the Duke of *Montmorency*, who was the Love and Joy of *France*, Monſieur *St. Marc & de Thou*, who never Trangreſſed their Duty. And this *Grotius* learned

learned by Remark in his Abridgement of the Cardinals Life and Death, juſt after his deceaſe; *Marilliæ cum ſumma injuſtitia, Montmorencium ſummo jure, Sanmarcium jure cum injuria, Thuanum, jure vel injuria, capite plecti voluit.* As for Monſieur *Marillac*, it was openly declared through all *France*, that his Innocence was wronged, and that the Cardinals Jealouſy alone was this great Man's Executioner. In regard of Monſieur *de Montmorency*, Marſhal and Admiral of *France*, it was confeſſed, that the Lyon and Mars of *France* was deſtroyed, to her irreparable loſs.

Mars eſt mort, il n'eſt plus que poudre,
Et ce grand Phœnix des Guerriers,
Sous une forêt de Lauriers
N'a ſçû ſe garentir du foudre:
Sa trame vient d'être coupée,
Au regret de tout l'Univers:
Il ne vit plus que dans nos Vers,
Et par ce qu'a fait ſon Epée.
Toy qui les lis, & ne ſçait pas
De quelle façon le trépas
Emporta cette Ame guerriére,
Ces deux Vers t'en feront ſavant,
La parque l'a pris par derriére;
N'oſant l'attaquer par devant.

The Mars of *France* is dead, we ſee
Great *Montmorency* is no more;
Nor was the Hero Thunder free,
Although he Groves of Laurel wore.
Whilſt all Mankind his Fortune grieves,
That his untimely Race is run;
He only in our Verſes lives,
And by what his Sword has done.
Reader, if thou fain wou'dſt know
How he received this dire diſgrace;
Behind him came the fatal blow,
Death durſt not look him in the Face.

Monſieur *St. Marcs & de Thou*, after Proceſs made againſt them at *Lyons*, were Sentenced to be Beheaded; the firſt, for Caballing with the *Spaniards*, and ſome Princes, not only againſt the King's, but againſt the Cardinal's Life; who had raiſed him, and made him the King's Favourite: The latter, for not revealing his Friends Secret, although he endeavoured to diſſuade him from that fatal deſign; which occaſioned this Epigram.

Morte pari periere duo, ſed diſpari cauſa,
Fit reus iſte tacens, fit reus ille loquens.

Both

Both died alike, but for a different reaſon,
One for concealing, t'other for ſpeaking Treaſon.

But, yet the cauſe of Monſieur *de Thou*'s Death, is not to be imputed to the Crimes he was accuſed of, but to ſome paſſages in his Fathers Hiſtory, where one of Cardinal *Richelieu*'s Anceſtors is repreſented, as one of the wickedeſt of Men, as may be ſeen in the 633, 639, and 640 pages of that excellent Hiſtory. They ſay, this Cardinal was by theſe innocent Perſons, cited to appear before the Tribunal of God. When he died, he was buried in the *Sorbonne*; and Monſieur *de Thou*'s Siſter ſeeing the Cardinal's Tomb there, ſhe cryed out in the Words of *Lazarus* his Siſter, in the Scripture: *Domine ſi fuiſſes hîc, Frater meus non fuiſſet mortuus:* O Lord, if thou hadſt been here, my Brother had not died. It was obſerved, that Monſieur *de Thou* was put to Death, upon the occaſion of Monſieur *St. Marcs*, of the Family of *Defiat*; this was ſaid upon it, *Si par un ſeul Fiat, tout a éte fait, par un ſeul Defiat* Thou, *ou tout a eté defait.* The Quibble does not hold in Engliſh, nor may be is it worth while, if by one *fiat*, all things

were made, so by one *Defiat*, *Thou* or *tout*, all was destroyed.

The vindicative Temper of this great Polititian was predominant in all his Actions, but this is an Instance observable enough. The King (whose absolute govering Genius the Cardinal was) being very sick, and given over by the Physitians, Monsieur *de Guise*, *Montmorency* and *Bassompierre*, who aimed at governing the Kingdom, if once they could take off the Cardinal, were discoursing how they should get rid of him, the Duke of *Guise* first declared his Opinion, which was this, *Do not let us kill the Cardinal, because he is a Prince of the Holy Church; let us send him to* Rome *to say his Breviary, or his Prayers, with the other Cardinals.* The Duke of *Montmorency*, who was of a more violent Temper, said, *They must take off his Head, as an Enemy to publick Peace and the Common Good*; but said *Bassompierre*, *Let him not be banished the Kingdom, nor sent to* Rome; *for there he will be always Caballing and Contriving Mischief against* France; he added besides, That *Ecclesia abhorret à sanguine*, The Church abhorred Blood, *and that by no means he shou'd be beheaded; but it was fit he should be imprisoned in the* Bastille, *and there he might have time and leisure enough to write good Books, that might instruct Mankind.* The Cardinal,

Cardinal, who had his Spies liſtning every where, underſtanding their Project, reſolved to make them ſuffer what they deſign'd for him. For the King recovering, and he being greater than ever; he treated them after the ſame manner; for the Duke of *Guiſe* he cauſed to be baniſhed, and commanded to retire to *Rome*, where he ſtay'd till the Cardinal's Death. The Duke of *Montmorency* was beheaded. As for Monſieur *de Baſſompierre*, he laid him up in the *Baſtille*, and being more a Man of Wit than Action, he had time and leiſure enough there to write, what Books he pleaſed; for there he remained till the Cardinal died, as the Verſes note that were made upon his Anagram.

FRANCOIS de BASSOMPIERRE'
*FRANCE, * Je ſors de ma PRISON.*

* I go out of my Priſon.

Enfin ſur l'arriere-ſaiſon
La fortune d'Armand s'accorde avec la mienne;
France, je ſors de ma priſon.
Quand ſon ame ſort de la ſienne,

France know my Fortune, and
Armand's agree
When I regain my long wiſh'd
Liberty,
His eager Soul is from his
* Body free.

* *Priſon.*

So ſure it is that *Richelieu* never ſpared any ones Life that attempted his, of which we will give an extraordinary Example. The Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, was the Cardinals mortal Enemy; and Monſieur *de Puylaurent*, who was his Favourite, and turned him as he pleaſed, encouraged this hatred, and made him take a reſolution to ſtab him with his own Hand. The Prince going to the Cardinal upon this deſign, no ſooner approach'd him, but his Noſe fell a bleeding; upon which, inſtead of doing him any harm, he told him what his intention was, and begged his Pardon. Upon this, the Cardinal took his meaſures, and as a ſeeming inſtance of an extraordinary Favour to *Puylaurent*, he Married him to his Niece, Madam *de Vieupont*, but 'twas only with deſign to ruin him, as immediately he did; for in the midſt of the Solemnities and Rejoycings that were made for the Wedding, he arreſted him Priſoner, and ſent him to the *Baſtille*, where ſome time after he was poyſoned by a Prieſt in a meſs of Broth. As ſoon as ever he had ſwallowed it, the Prieſt ſaid to him, *Sir, you muſt Confeſs your Sins*; upon which, throwing the Porringer at his Head, he cryed out, *Wicked Villain! What did ever I do to thee?* However, he Confeſſed and died a little after.

After

After the Cardinal had diſpatched his Favourite, fluttered he was then at the top of Fortunes-wheel, and was the ſole Governor of the Kingdom; but becauſe he always took care, as much to maintain his Power, as he did to obtain it; he excluded all thoſe that were capable of oppoſing his Ambition, from the greateſt Offices and Commands; and indeed in his time we find that the chiefeſt Military Employments were in the Hands of Churchmen. As an Epigram tells us, made upon this occaſion.

Un Archevêque eſt Admiral,	De Bordeaux.
Un gros Evêque eſt Corporal,	De Chartres.
Un Prelât Préſident aux Frontieres,	De Nantes.
Un autre a des troupes guerrieres,	De Mande.
Un Capucin penſe au Combat,	P. Joſeph.
Un Cardinal a des Soldat,	De la Valette.
Un autre eſt Généraliſſime;	De Richelieu.
France, je crains qu'icy bas,	
Ton Egliſe ſi magnanime,	
Milite & ne triomphe pas.	

When an Arch-biſhop's Admiral,	*A. B. of Bord.*
And a fat Biſhop's Corporal;	*Bp. of Chartres.*

One

Bp. of Nantes. One Governor of the Frontiers made,
Bp. of Mande. Another Armed Troops does lead.
We see an humble Capuchine,
Father Joseph. His pious mind to Wars incline.
Card. de la Valette. Souldiers obey one Cardinal,
And *Richelieu* is General.
France, of her War-like Church, may justly vaunt,
Though it Triumphs not, yet 'tis Militant.

Though ever since *Henry* IV. it has always been the design of the Kings of *France*, to restore the Monarchy to its former Glory, and extend it to the ancient bounds: Yet, Cardinal *Richelieu*'s grand design was to Unite the two Religions, that were professed by the *French*. To bring this about, he made use of Father *Joseph*, a Capuchine Fryar, that was his Confessor, who Communicated this project of his, to the chief Ministers of the Protestant Religion in *France*, and came to this Agreement with them, That if the Protestants would comply with the outward Ceremonies of the Roman Church,

ſhe would be contented with, and leave them the Confeſſion and Articles of Faith, that were owned by the Proteſtants; but this project came to nothing, by reaſon of the Capuchines Death.

This *Joſeph* was, by every one, counted a very wicked Fellow, and being buried by another Fryar, called F. *Angell*; this Epitaph was made for him.

Paſſant, n'eſt ce pas choſe étrange,
De voir un Diable auprés d'un Ange?

Do you think it not ſtrange, all you that paſs by,
That a Devil ſo near, an Angel ſhould lye.

And becauſe he died ſuddenly, without Confeſſion, this other was made upon him.

Sous ce Tombeau git un bon Pére,
Qui eut tant de diſcretion,
Que pour être bon Secrétaire,
Il mourut ſans Confeſſion.

A cunning Fryar here lies below,
Great was his ſecrecy, great his diſcretion;
Who becauſe a cloſe Stateſman himſelf he would ſhow,
He march'd out o' th' World without any Confeſſion.

It's

It's said, that after he was dead, they found under his course Fryars Gown a very fine Satin sute of Clothes. At that time the City of *Brisac*, upon the *Rhine*, was beseiged, and very near taking; Cardinal *Richelieu* instead of Comforting and Assisting his Capuchine, then in the Agony of Death, bawled out in his Ear, as loud as he was able, *Courage, Father* Joseph Brisac *is taken.* But this good News did not recover him from his Apoplexy, for a few Moments after he died; upon which was made this Distich.

Ità cucullati, vobis si purpura ridet,
Fungitur inferni Munere Pontificis.

No wonder Fryars, that Prelats mock you, know
'Tis what th' Infernal Pope will do below.

The Cardinal was very Sick when he cut off the Heads of Monsieur *de St. Marcs* and *de Thou*, so that by the Doctors Order he was carried into Houses through the Windows, which verified *Nostradamus*'s Prophecy, which was in these Words.

Quand

* *Quand le Bonnet Rouge paſſera par feneſtre,*
A quarante onces on coupera la tête.

* Monſ. *Saint Marcs* is alſo written *Cinque Marcs*, or five Marks which is 40 Ounces.

When the Red-cap ſhall go through the Windows,
Forty Ounces ſhall be beheaded.

It is worth noting, that Queen *Mary de Medicis*, theſe Noble Gentlemen, and Cardinal *Richelieu* died all in the ſame Year; and King *Lewis* XIII. lived ſo little a while after him, that this was applied to them, *Quemadmodum ſe in vitâ dilexerunt, Ita in mortè non ſunt ſeparati.* However, the King who was ſenſible that the Cardinal, even Uſurped his Authority; at the News of his Death, he cryed out, *Now I am King again.* Several Perſons were of opinion, that the Cardinal, to be revenged of the King, who was conſenting and aſſiſting to the laſt Conſpiracy againſt him, had given him a ſlow Poyſon, whoſe Death he foreſaw would happen at the ſame time that it did, which was conjectured by a very Eloquent Diſcourſe, which was found among his Papers after his Death; in which he thanked the three Eſtates of the Kingdom, becauſe out of the great eſteem and value they had for him, they had choſen him Regent of the Kingdom.

For

For it is certain that the Cardinal was esteemed the very Genius of *France*, and was reverenced like a Deity; a proof of which is, that, when *Lewis* XIII. making a solemn entrance into St. *Quintin* in *Picardy*, with his Brother the Duke of *Orleance*, and the Cardinal going in the middle of them; there was presented to his Eminence a large Flag, or Standard, in which the King, Duke, and Cardinal were represented, drawn to the Life, with these Words in great Letters,

Francia Gaude,
Numine trino Quid libet aude.

The extraordinary Ambition of this Cardinal, may be observed in his management to his Officers and Servants. He gave all of them, according to their Degrees and Merits, Estate enough to live at ease and quiet all their Days, but upon Condition, that they should not serve any Lord, or Prince whatsoever ever after; which was looked upon by all *France*, as one of the greatest pieces of Ambition that ever was. The Cardinal was no sooner dead, but every one was writing something upon him, reflecting upon his Person, or Conduct; but they were all out done by the Admirable *Grotius*, who, in an incomparable

Epitaph

Epitaph gives us the Deſcription, and Epitome of this great Man's Life.

Epitaphium.

ASta Viator, quo properas?
Quid uſquam videbis hîc tegitur,
Joannes Armandus Du Pleſſis de Richelieu.
Clarus origine, Magnus ingenio
Fortuna eminentiſſimus;
Sacerdos in Caſtris,
Theologus in aula,
Epiſcopus ſine plæbe,
Cardinalis ſine titulo,
Rex ſine nomine;
Unus tamen omnia:
Naturam habuit in numerato.
Fœlicitatem in Conſilio.
Ærarium in peculio;
Victoriam ſub ſignis,
Socios in procinctu,
Amicos in Carcere.
Cives in ſervitute,
In hoc uno miſer,
Quod omnes miſeros fecit, (*mentum.*
Tam ſæculi ſui tormentum quàm orna-
Poëta purpuratus,
Cui ſcena mundus.
Gloria Siparium
Regia caſa corugium fuit.
Afflixit Hiſpaniam,
Cepit Flandriam,

Turbavit

Turbavit Lotharingiam,
Vastavit Germaniam,
Fovit Angliam,
Lusit Europam;
Post regnum testamento suis distributos
Dissipatos Principes,
Nobilitatem ferro, ac suppliciis exhaustam,
Paupertatem populo imperatam,
Cum fatiscente corpore animum
Grandioribus consiliis ægrè vegetaret,
Derepentè spirare desiit, & timeri.
O fluxa mortalitas!
Quàm tenue momentum es!
Inter omnia & nihil
Mortui corpus rheda extulit,
Secuti pedites, equitesque
Magno numero,
Faces prætulerunt Ephæbi,
Crucem nemo;
Quia currus vehebat publicam
Inter Theologos,
Situs ingens disputandi
Argumentum.
Fidem Regi servavit,
Spem vivis reliquit,
Charitatem ab hæredibus abstulit
Quo migravit, Sacramentum est,
Hoc te volui Viator hic te metire
Et ab eundo roga
Ut vixit in bello, sic requiescat in Pace.

This

This is thought a great piece of Arrogance to Tranſlate, and indeed the Beautiful Original cannot well be copied in any other Language.

This is another, playing upon his Name:

Hic jacet Armandus ni nos vexaſſet Amandus
Hic jacet Armandus ſi non armaſſet Amandus.

This paſſage of *Iſaiah* was ingeniouſly applied to him.

Hic jacet Vir qui conturbavit terram,
Qui concuſſit Regna. (*ſtruxit:*
Qui poſuit orbem deſertum & urbes ejus de-
Vinetis ejus non aperuit carcerem.

In ſhort, he was not ſpared at all after his Death, for there were Epitaphs made that accuſed him of keeping, and lying with his own Neice; whereof theſe are ſome.

Vous tous qui admirez les faits de Richelieu,
Ne mettez plus ainſi vôtre ame à la torture,
Pour ſçavoir s'il étoit Homme, Ange, Diable,
ou Dieu;
Sa Niéce vous dira quelle étoit ſa nature.

All you that *Richelieu*'s Deeds admire,
Your Fancies you need no longer Fire.

To know if he were Angel fiend, or human Creature;
For his Neice can beſt give account of his Nature.

Autre.

Deſſons ce tombeau git icy
L'Oncle, le Pére & le Mary.
Icy git deſſous ce tombeau,
Le Cardinal, la bonne piéce,
On en eut fait un Saint Nouveau,
S'il n' eût point baisé ſa Niéce.

Another.

This very Tomb here does incloſe
The Uncle, Father, and the Spouſe;
Even Cardinal *Richelieu*, who might have been Sainted,
If he had not ſo well with his Neice been acquainted.
He Miracles wrought with his handſome Relation,
'Tis a wonder! they hindred his Canonization.

And it was generally believed he had had two Children by her, who were ſent into the Iſle of *Broüage*, though the following Epitaph tells us the contrary.

Icy

Icy git ce grand Cardinal,
Qui ne fit jamais que du mal;
C'eſt un honeur de la nature,
Qu'il eſt mort ſans progeniture.

Here the great Cardinal lies ſtill,
Who, whilſt he liv'd did nothing but ill:
We're beholding to Nature that he's laſt
of his kind,
And has left us none of his vile race be-
hind.

That which was made upon his deſigns upon the Papacy is ſomething indecent indeed, but to comprehend it the better, we muſt underſtand that the diſeaſe he died of was a horrible Gangreen in his Fundament, when he had juſt taken Phyſick, and was then upon the Cloſe-ſtool. It is not poſſible, or it may be not reaſonable to expreſs the Quibbles and Equivocations of another Language in ours, where all ſuch ſtuff is counted, as really it is, the worſt way of triffling; but the ſence of our Author is ſomething to this purpoſe.

Cy git, qui d'un eſprit pervers,
Sans ſe ſouvenir qu'il fuit homme,
Se promettoit tout l'Univers
Par la poſſeſſion de Rome;

Il aſpiroit par vanité
A quoy il n'êtoit pas utile,
Dieu voulant que la Papauté
Aux Fidéles ſervît d'azile ;
Car ſur un ſi mauvais & pourri fondement,
L'Egliſe ſe fut renverſée,
Et en chiant à tout moment.
Du S. Siége il eût fait une chaiſe percée.

An Ambitious vile Wretch lies under this Tomb,
Who deſign'd to rule all by poſſeſſing of *Rome*:
But his purpoſes quite were defeated he found,
For the Church cou'd not ſtand on ſuch rotten Ground.
And he ſhiting at all times, and every where
Wou'd have made a Cloſe-ſtool of St. *Peter's* Chair.

The following Verſes taxed him with an intent to Uſurp the Kingdom, which has ſome kind of relation to his Harangue he deſigned for the Three Eſtates, found among his Papers after his Death.

Martel, Capet & Du Pleſſis,
Se ſont trouvez tous trois aſſis
Deſſus le Trône de la France ;
Les deux premiers l'ont uſurpé,

Au

Au troiſiéme il eſt échapé,
Graces à Dieu & ſon Eminence.

Three Men their Fortune did advance,
To rule the mighty Realm of *France*;
Martel, *Capet* and *Richelieu*,
The firſt Two took it as their due:
To th' Throne, the 'other did not climb;
We only may thank God and him.

OBSERVAT. III.

Concerning the Life and Temper of Lewis *the Thirteenth.*

LEwis the Thirteenth being born under the Celeſtial Sign of *Libra*, or *Ballance*, the Emblem of Juſtice; was Sirnamed the *Juſt*, for many reaſons; his conduct being always accompanied with Juſtice. It is ſaid, that the greateſt Happineſs this King ever had, was to meet with that powerful and admirable Genius of *Richelieu*, to govern his Kingdom, who was not only a true French-Man, but one that had an ardent paſſion of augmenting his Princes Glory. And, it's believed, that this Mans Memoires are the Model of all the great Enterpriſes, that are aimed at in our Days. As for the King himſelf, becauſe of his mean Spirited inclinations, he

was very little eſteemed by his People. One of his notable diverſions once was, that he made a great Paſty, which he filled with the fleſh of Woolf, Dog, Fox, and ſeveral other unclean Creatures; but he ſeaſoned, and made it taſte excellent well; upon this he made a ſplendid Treat for the Queens Maids of Honor, and the Kings Paſty was placed upon the Table, in the middle of ſeveral good diſhes of Meat: The Ladies, for the Credit of the Kings Royal Paſty made with his own Hands, all eat of it with a very good Appetite, and found it exquiſitely good; the King, all that while, and many Lords of the Court with him look'd at them through a little Window, and found himſelf ſuch excellent Diverſion, that he made himſelf the May-game of all the Court. He was counted a very cunning Diſſembler, for when he had deſigned to ruin any Nobleman about him, he always uſed ſome Days before to ſhew them more than ordinary kindneſs. In this very much reſembling that *Roman* Emperor, thus mentioned by *Tacitus*. *Princeps factus, naturâ & conſuetudine exercitus velare odium fallacibus blandimentis:* So that all thoſe Courtiers who underſtood any thing of the Politicks, and Management of the Court, when they ſaw the King Careſs any of them more than uſually, cryed, *Actum eſt de illo*, His buſineſs is done.

He

He took great delight in Muſick, and Painting pleaſed him ſo extreamly, that he drew ſeveral Pictures very much to the Life. But his moſt paſſionate deſire was to extirpate the Proteſtant Religion out of his Kingdom, which was not ſo much encouraged by Cardinal *Richelieu*, as by the Jeſuits. And in his Reign, that Party was very much weakened by the taking of *Rochelle*, *St. Jean d'Angely*, with ſeveral other Towns. And laſt of all, by the Capitulation of *Montauban*.

Before he died, he had reſolved to have *Calvin*'s life examined, and a full proceſs made of his Life, Behaviour and Converſation.

Being upon his Death-Bed, he ſent for thoſe of the greateſt Quality in the Kingdom, who were of the Proteſtant Religion, as Marſhal *Chatillon*, Monſieur *de la Force*, &c. and applied himſelf to them in theſe Words, *Couſins, you have always ſhewed ſo much Zeal and Fidelity for my Service, that I muſt thank you moſt affectionately; and the more to pay my acknowledgments to you, I conjure you to return to your Mother Church, which you quitted at the perſuaſion of ſome Arch-Hereticks. Indeed it is true, I have born with the continuing in theſe Sentiments, but do not think that ever any of my Succeſſors will have the like Indulgence for you, as to ſuffer it.*

Curious Obſervers have found, that al-

moſt all this Prince's Favourites have either been Diſgraced, or made Tragical ends. The firſt, was the Marquis of *Montpouillan*, the ſecond, the Conſtable *de Luynes*, who died as the Marquis did in *Guyenne*, at the War made for Religion. But the blind Obſervance that this good King always had for Cardinal *Richelieu*, occaſioned this Epitaph.

Cy git le bon Roy nôtre Maître,
Louïs treize de ce nom,
Qui fut vingt ans valet d'un Prêtre,
Et pourtant acquit grand renom;
Ouy chez autruy, mais chez luy non.

The good honeſt King our Maſter lies here,
Lewis the Thirteenth of that name,
Who was ſlave to a Prieſt above 20 year;
And yet he gained great Fame:
But 'twas only abroad they his greatneſs did tell,
For his People at home underſtood him too well.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

Upon the

GOVERNMENT

OF

LEWIS XIV.

The Adminiſtration of Cardinal Mazarine, *during the Regency of* Ann *of* Auſtria *Queen Mother.*

KING *Lewis* XIII. being dead, and the Queen Mother declared Regent, 'twas with ſome difficulty, that Fortune declared her ſelf in favour of Cardinal *Mazarine*. He had four Competitours, who all aſpired to the Miniſtry; the Chancellor *Seguier*, the Duke *de la Meilleraye*, who was General of the Artillery, and Father of the Duke of *Mazarine*, Monſieur

ſieur *Boutilier*, and Monſieur *Des Noyers*; ſo that the Cardinals ſtation was very wavering for ſome time, but at laſt he carried it from them all. After the Cardinal was eſtabliſhed with an abſolute Power, all his Competitors were ordered to leave the Court, that they might give him no occaſion of ſuſpicion; which went ſo much to their Hearts, that they almoſt all died very ſhortly after, of Grief and Vexation. A little after this, the Cardinal had a difference with Monſieur *de Beaufort*, he that was loſt at *Candia*; and he was near outing and ruining the Cardinal, but he having ſo great an aſcendent over the Queen, Triumphed over all his adverſaries; and, as for this Prince he cauſed him to be ſent to the Caſtle of *Vincennes*, where he was kept Priſoner, till he eſcaped out of it. An Aſtrologer of *Paris*, foretold the very Day that Monſieur *de Beaufort* ſhould creep out of Priſon; the Cardinal having notice of it, ſent for the Aſtrologer that Day he affirmed the Prince ſhould get out of Priſon, and ſpoke to him after this manner; *Well Mr. Aſtrologer, your Predictions are nothing elſe but vain Fables, Monſieur* de Beaufort *is ſtill Confined, and ſtrictly Guarded.*

My Lord, anſwered he, *I will be bound to burn all my Books, and your Eminence ſhall hang me, if it does not come to paſs the Day I fore-*

told

told it is come indeed ; but it is not paſt. And, in effect, a few Hours afterwards Monſieur *de Beaufort*, with the help of ſome Ropes that had been privately ſent him, got out of a Window, and let himſelf down into the Caſtle Ditch, where he had a good Horſe ready for him, and quickly eſcaped out of danger, to the aſtoniſhment of all the Court, and the great Reputation of the Aſtrologer. However, the Cardinal remained Maſter, notwithſtanding all the vigorous oppoſition of the Princes againſt him, for his extraordinary cunning, with the Queens firm Reſolutions, kept him ſafe in ſpight of all their endeavours. But the greateſt danger that ever the Cardinal was in, was when he was ſolemnly condemned by the Parliament of *Paris*, who declared him a publick Enemy, and diſturber of the Peace of *France* ; and ſet a Price of 50000 Crowns upon his Head, for any one that ſhould bring him dead, or alive.

So that he was conſtrained to give way to the Storm, and quit the Kingdom ; and then the People uſed to ſay of him, *Mazarine, pack up your Bag and Baggage and be gone; our Queen is come into her right Senſes again.*

The riſe of Cardinal *Mazarine*, was an extraordinary act of Fortune, for he was a very inferior Man of Buſineſs; but his addreſs and ſucceſs in ſeveral Negotiations, being

once

once known to Cardinal *Richelieu*; he took him near his own Person, and found him so exquisitly cunning, that he usually said, *If I went to cheat the Devil, I would only make use of* Mazarine's *Tricks to do it.* Thus being fix'd in *France*, he became *Richelieus* faithful Slave, who some time after made him a Cardinal like himself; and upon his Death Bed recommended him as the greatest genius, and most capable of managing affairs of State. Yet his Condition and Fortune was very uncertain in the first Civil Wars, which were only made upon his account, and had not the Prince of *Conde* upheld him, he had been utterly ruined. Of this Prince, the Queen Mother, and Cardinal, it was said, *The Prince undergoes all, the Queen suffers all, and the Cardinal does all.* They relate a pleasant answer that the Queen made, when they told her that the *Swiss* Army, under Monsieur *d'Erlach*, committed strange disorders; and that some Parties of them were got into a Nunnery, where they attempted very great Insolencies against the Honor, and Chastity of the Nuns: The Queen told them, *They are only* Swisses, *they would sooner run into the Cellars, than into the Nuns Bed-Chambers*; and, so made but a trifle of it.

As Cardinal *Mazarine* was assisted by the Prince of *Conde* in the first Civil Wars, so was

was he in the laſt by Monſieur *Turenne*, who, with a very indifferent Army reſiſted three powerful Armies, that all oppoſed the Cardinal; which were, the Prince of *Condes*, the Duke of *Nemours*, and the other of the Duke of *Lorraine*. At laſt, the King coming to Years of Majority, by his direction he Reigned very happily ſeven Years; but at length, ſo inconſtant is Fortune, all that Reverenced and Adored him, became his mortal Enemies; and the greateſt part of the Parliament of *Paris* made a Party againſt him, and baniſhed him the Kingdom. He then was forced to give way to the Tempeſt, till other Troubles embroiling the State were over, and then he paſſed through the greateſt part of *France*, with an Army that he brought to the Kings aſſiſtance, and met his Majeſty at *Poitiers*. So that after all their endeavours, he ſtill kept his Poſt, and againſt all Mens Opinion died in Peace and Honor; after his death this Diſtich was made on him.

Occubuit tandem victrix hæc purpura, nempe
Docta fuit bello vivere, pace mori.

All his management in Government, was very like that of Cardinal *Richelieu*, unleſs it were that he aimed more at the Lives of People, than their Eſtates; and the other, quite

quite contrary, was so wedded to his Intereſt, that to Inrich Himſelf and Family, he reduced *France* to extream Miſery and Poverty; and, therefore after the death of theſe two Miniſters of State, it was ſaid,

Fata duos rapuere Duces Regnique Miniſtros;
Abſtulit ille bonos, abſtulit ille bona.

And againſt Cardinal *Mazarine*, were theſe Words, Julius Cæſar *Gallias ſubegit, quas* Julius Mazarinus *expilavit*; which were explained by an Epitaph to this Sence.

Ci git que la goute foüilla,
Depuis les pieds juſqu'aux épaules.
Jules *non qui conquit les* Gaules,
Mais celui qui les dépoüilla.

Here *Julius* lies, who did his Power advance;
Not he that Conquer'd, he that plundred *France.*

And indeed he ſent ſo vaſt a quantity of Treaſure into *Italy*, that his Father amazed to ſee ſo much Gold, once cryed out, *I believe it rains pieces of Gold in* France. Beſides what was ſent abroad, he left prodigious Eſtates to his Nephews and Nieces, eſpecially to the Duke of *Mazarine* the Duke of

of *Meillerayes* Son, whom he made his Heir upon condition, that he ſhould Marry one of his Neices, (the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* now in *England*) and quit his own Name to take that of *Mazarine*. The mighty Riches, whether well, or ill, gotten by the Cardinal, occaſioned this Epigram,

J'entens que l'un dit force mal
Des deſſeins, des faits & des veilles
De ce célébre Cardinal,
Et que l'autre en dit des merveilles;
Pour moi je ne décide rien;
Mais quand on compte combien,
L'Immenſe & l'incroyable ſomme
J'en diray ces quatre mots,
Qu'il falloit qu'il fût habille homme,
Et que nous ſommes de grands Sots.

Some ſpeak ill of, others praiſe,
The actions of the Cardinal;
I will not decide the Caſe
And can ſay nothing at all.
But when we his Riches ſee,
And how he the Kingdom Rules;
He a great Man ſure muſt be,
And we all great Fools.

But we need not wonder at his vaſt Riches, ſince he had the abſolute diſpoſal of the Treaſure of the Kingdom, all the Kings Minority; and,

and, as for the Young King himſelf, he ſo carried himſelf to him, that after his Eminence died, ſome body was ſo bold as to make this punning Epitaph.

Deſſous ce tombeau git un homme
Qui valoit moins qu'un ſol à Rome,
Mais que l'on a vû dans Paris,
* Le Roy, & le P. de Conde. * *Valoir plus qu'un double* Louis.

Here lies buried in this Tomb,
A Man not worth a Groat at *Rome*;
But at *Paris* 'twas well known
The ſame Man was worth a Crown.

His unbounded Authority, the Vexations and Taxes that he loaded the Kingdom with, got him the hatred of the French People. So that he no ſooner gave up the Ghoſt, but every body almoſt ſtrove to teſtify how glad they were of it, by making Satyrical Pieces upon him: The ſmarteſt and beſt writ thing, is, this Latin Epitaph, ſo well known, which gives a full account of this Cardinal.

Hic

HIC *jacet*
Julius Mazarinus,
Galliæ Rex Italus,
Eccleſiæ Præſul Laicus
Europæ Prædo Purpuratus,
Fortunam omnem ambiit & corrumpit,
Ærarium adminiſtravit & exhauſit.
Civile bellum compreſſit, ſed commovit,
Regis jura tuitus eſt & invaſit.
Beneficia poſſedit & vendidit.
Pacem dedit aliquando, diu abſtulit.
Hoſtes cladibus, cives oneribus afflixit,
Arriſit paucis, irriſit plurimos, omnibus nocuit,
Negociator in Templo, Tyrannus in Regno,
Prædo in Miniſterio, Vulpes in Conſilio,
Graſſator in bello, ſolus in pace nobis hoſtis,
Fortunam olim adverſam aut eluſit aut cincit:
Et noſtro ſæculo vidimus adorari fugitivum,
Imperare civibus exulem, regnare proſcriptum,
Quid deinde egerit rogas? paucis accipe.
Luſit, fefellit, rapuit,
Ferreum nobis ſæculum induxit.
Homo crudeliter Clemens!
Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,
Plures ei mortes cœlo irrogante decretas
Cui Senatus olim, unam decreverat.
Vincennis ſe arcibus incluſit moriturus
Id unum apte fecit Julius, quæſivit carcerem,
Diu cadentem animum retinuit ægrè reddidit,

Sic retinere omnia, nihil reddere didicerat,
Constanter tandem visus est mori. Quid mirum!
Ut vixerat obiit simulans.
Nec morbum quidem ejus novêre qui curabant,
Hac una fraude nobis profuit, fefellit Medicos,
Obiit tandem ni fallimur, & pie moriens,
Regi regnum, Regno Regem restituit,
Reliquit Præsulibus pessima exempla,
Aulicis infida consilia,
Adoptivo ampliſſima spolia,
Paupertatem populis, (*nullam,*
Successoribus omnes prædandi artes, materiam
Hæredes quos spreverat fecit
Pauperes quos fecerat, sprevit
Mirare Viator.
Id unum habuit ex suo quod daret,
Nomen suum,
Pectus illi post mortem apertum est,
Tunc primum patuit vafrum cor Mazarini
Quod nec precibus nec lacrymis,
Nec injuriis quidem moveretur.
Quæsivimus: Invenêre Medici cor lapideum.
Quo evaserit forsitan rogas?
Sacramentum est.
Cœlum si rapitur tenet,
Si datur meritis, longe abest;
Sed quid te moror, Viator?
Fallit nos iste tumulus;
Fuge,
Non est hic sepulcrum Præsulis,
Sed specus Latronis.

We

We ſhould never make an end, if we ſhould relate all the Satyrs made upon the Cardinals death, whom every body ſo heartily wiſhed at the Devil; and the following Epigram ſuppoſes that the Devil did carry him away.

Le Diable emportant Mazarine,
Fait une perte ſans ſeconde,
S'il l'eût laiſſé juſqu' à la fin
Il eût fait damner tout le monde.

The Devil was an Aſs to ſeize *Mazarine*,
It was much to his loſs that he took him way,
For he'd have help'd him to damn Mankind,
If on Earth he had let him but longer ſtay.

To end this Chapter; all the good Fortune that *France* received by the Cardinals death, is owing to the Colledge of Phyſitians, who put an end to all her troubles in doing Juſtice upon this pernicious Miniſter, according to theſe lines.

Julius *Occubuit, res eſſet mira, tot inter*
Carnifices, furem non potuiſſe mori.

Julius is dead, nor is't a wonder, Sirs,
One Thief shou'd die
Amidst so many Executioners.

After the Cardinal, and Queen died, *France* began to enjoy the blessings of Peace, which they had been deprived of, almost all the time of the Cardinals Ministry; whose death occasioned this Epigram, in praise of the present King.

Prenez courage, bons François,
Vous allez vivre heureux sous le meilleur des Roys;
Louis *du grand* Henry *s'en va suivre les traces,*
Il joint l'art de régner
A celui de charmer;
A ce coup on le peut nommer,
Le Maître de toutes les Graces.

Somewhat to this purpose in English.

Courage brave French, the best of Kings will Reign;
Great *Henry*'s actions he'll revive again.
Happy you'll live; in this great Prince are join'd
A form Majestick, and a mighty Mind,
To charm, as well as govern, all Mankind.

And

And from that time, this Monarch began to ſhew ſo vaſt a genius, and ſuch an extraordinary Prudence, with ſo many other accompliſhments, that he is accounted the Wonder of this Age.

OBSERVAT. II.

Upon the Inclinations, and Diſpoſition of the preſent King.

THis glorious Monarch, who has made ſo much Noiſe in the World, in his Youth ſhewed ſufficiently how much he was addicted to his Miſtreſs, and what weakneſs he was ſubject to in that kind. And the French, who take a pride to ſpeak with all manner of freedom of their King, (though, at the ſame time, they have a profound reſpect for him, firmly fixed in their Hearts) have given him ſeveral touches in their Verſes; theſe following are well enough known.

Bella fugis, bellas ſequeris, pugnæque, repugnas.
Et bellatori, ſunt tibi bella Thori
Imbelles imbellis amas Mileſque videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.

[Which conſiſting in equivocal playing upon Words. I think they'll loſe what conceipt is in them, if made Engliſh; nor has my Author taken the pains to tag the lines in French.] Yet, though theſe Verſes are true in the firſt part, they are not ſo in the ſecond; for the French tell us he had ſhewed wonderful Courage and Valour in all his ſurprizing actions; his anſwer therefore in this Diſtich is very juſt.

Bellas bellus amo,
Martem Mars excita bella
Bellator cupio, me quoque bella cupit.

And although the two different Inclinations to Love and Glory, are in ſome meaſure incompatible; yet he has managed both of them ſo well, that he has given juſt cauſe of Admiration, to all that conſider them. He has had ſeveral Miſtreſſes, who were extreamly beloved both before and ſince he Married the *Infanta* of *Spain*, *Maria Thereſa* of *Auſtria*. The firſt Miſtreſs, that he publickly owned after his Marriage, was Madam *de la Valliere*, whom he made Dutcheſs of *Vaujour*, and loved her ſo paſſionately, that the Queen, and Q. Mother grew ſo very Jealous of his extraordinary Love for that Miſtreſs, that they all uſed their endeavours to remove it; there was no device, nor intrigue

intrigue but they made uſe of, even to the interpoſing the Authority of Father *Anat*, a Jeſuit, and the King's Confeſſor, to bring about this Deſign. The good Father did not need much intreaty, to make uſe of his Authority; and as he was the director of the Kings Conſcience, he flattered himſelf that it would be much eaſier for him, than for any other to bring him to what they propoſed: Whereupon he repreſented to him, but a little boldly, the Scandal and bad Effects that this way of Life cauſed, and the ill Impreſſion it made upon the Minds of his People, if his Majeſty did not reform; and, at the ſame time, he ſeem'd to threaten him with a ſharp Pennance at his next time of Confeſſion. But it hapned that this Diſcourſe was very ill timed, for, as he did not, in the leaſt, follow the Maxims of his Society, which are abſolutely againſt ſuch kind of Proceedings; ſo had he the misfortune to find that he had made his Court very ill, for the King coldly made anſwer, *That he thanked him kindly for his good Advice, and his paſt Service; and that henceforward he'd make uſe of no other Confeſſor, but the Parſon of the Pariſh.* It's eaſily gueſſed how theſe Words agreed with the poor Confeſſor, and how the Society curſed him, for being ſo ſcurvy a Politician on ſuch an occaſion, which he might have improved,

and made a notable advantage of, if he had but put in practise, what the succeeding Confessors of the same Order have done; for it is most certain, that by their extraordinary regard to his Majesty, upon the like occasions, they have merited those wonderful Testimonies of the King's Bounty, that he has, and daily does, gratify the Jesuits with; who, on their side, as a Mark of their acknowledgment, have in return placed the Kings Name, upon the Gate of one of their Colledges, or Houses at *Paris*, against the inviolable Rules of their Order, which injoyn them to put the Name of Jesus on their Buildings; which they took away, as this Distich Complements them.

Abstulit hinc Jesum posuitque insignia Regis.
Impia gens, alium non habet illa Deum.

They Jesus Name have ta'en from their abode,
And plac'd the King's, he only is their God.

But to return to Madam *de la Valliere*; she was quite outed by Madam *de Montespan*, that succeeded her, who was the Kings Mistress a considerable time.

They say that the Love *la Valliere* had for the King, (with the Vexation to see her self no

no longer his Miſtreſs) forced her, contrary to her Inclinations, to turn Nun: Yet theſe Verſes upon her embracing a Religious Life, ſufficiently ſhew ſhe had better motives to it.

Deux grands Roys pour m'avoir ſe ſont fait une guerre,
Dont l'un eſt Roy du Ciel & l'autre de la Terre.
Le Roy du Ciel Vainqueur me conduit en ce lieu,
Quel bon-heur eſt plus grand ſur la terre & ſur l'onde,
Que de me voir aujourd'hui l'Epouze d'un grand Dieu?
D'Amante que j'etois du plus grand Roy du monde.

For me the King of Heaven and Earth have ſtrove,
Which of the mighty two ſhould gain my love:
But conquering Heaven has brought me to this place.
What Earthly Happineſs can mine ſurpaſs?
Since from the greateſt Prince's Miſtreſs, I
Am now become Spouſe to the Deity.

It is obſerved, that this famous Miſtreſs, in the time of her Favour, was not ſo Ambitious

bitious as *Monteſpan*, for ſhe preferred all her Kindred to thoſe Honours, which they would never have arrived to by their own deſerts. And her Brother, who was only Count *de Vivonne*, by her procurement was made Duke and Peer, and General of the *Galleys*, and Marſhal of *France*; all which Marks of Grandeur make him one of the greateſt Perſons in the Kingdom, and it is ſo well known that he was made Marſhal by meer Favour; for that once a Perſon of the firſt Quality ſpeaking of the difference, between the Marſhals *de la Feüillade*, and *Vivonne*, made this diſtinction, that the firſt was made Marſhal by the Sword, and the other by the Scabbard.

However, it was, Madam *de Monteſpan* very dextorouſly managed the advantage ſhe had of being the Kings Miſtreſs, though he had not that Paſſion for her, as was commonly believed; for it's reported, that a Chanoineſs, or Nun of *Lorrain*, called Madam *du Lude*, very often ſhared his Majeſties Favours with her; upon which was made this Epigram.

La Valliere *étoit du commun*,
La Monteſpan *de la Nobleſſe*,
Et la du Lude *Chanoineſſe*,
Toutes trois ne ſont que pour un,

Mais

Mais ſçavez-vous ce que veut faire,
Le plus puiſſant des Potentats?
La choſe paroît aſſez claire,
Il veut unir les trois Etats.

La Valliere of common Race,
Monteſpan of noble was,
And *du Lude* a pious Nun,
All for Miſtreſſes are known.
If you'd know the reaſon why
Theſe three his Fav'rites he Creates;
Our great Prince has a mind to try,
To unite the three Eſtates.

Madamoiſ. *de Fontange* was the Fortunate Lady that ſucceeded Madam *de Monteſpan*, but ſhe enjoyed her Happineſs not long, dying ſoon after: She was one that had much more Beauty than Wit. The Prince *de Marſillac*, now called Duke *de la Roche Foucault*, procured her for the King, for which he was made *grand Veneur*, or chief Hunts-man of *France*, as theſe Verſes tell us.

Sur l'Ocean de la faveur,
Marſillac *vogue en pleines voiles,*
Quoi qu'il ne ſoit pas bon Chaſſeur,
Pour avoir mis la beſte dans les toiles,
Le Roi l'a fait ſon grand Veneur.

Marſillac

Marſillac with proſperous gales
On Favour's Ocean ſmoothly ſails;
And, though unskilful in the Trade,
Yet he is chief Hunts-man made:
Perhaps in it he may excel,
Becauſe he finds out Game ſo well.

Some people aſcribe the cauſe of this lovely young Lady's Death to Madam *de Monteſpan*'s Jealouſy, becauſe the Diſeaſe ſhe died of was unuſual or unnatural. But ſure we ought to believe Madam *de Monteſpan* was far from committing a Crime of this foul nature, ſince ſhe was employed in the teſtifying her Repentance by her pious Foundations; and to this very day ſhe does the ſame; for ſure it is that ſhe and Madam *de Maintenon*, who, at preſent, perfectly govern the King's Inclinations, were thoſe that firſt founded the Abbey of St. *Cyr* (ſcandalouſly called a *Seraglio*) for the Education of young Ladies, which occaſioned this malicious Epigram.

Deux de Partiſannes de Cythere,
L'ame épriſe d'un ſaint déſir,
Du revenu de leurs plaiſirs,
Fondent deux nouveaux Monaſteres,

Mais

Mais ſans le Celeſte ſecours,
Il ſeront de peu de durée,
L'aſſiette en eſt mal aſſurée,
Les fondemens branlent toûjours.

Two of fair *Venus* Votaries,
Their Souls with holy Zeal inflam'd,
Have founded two new Nunneries:
With the Revenues by their Pleaſure gain'd,
But without Miracles, they ſeem
To be but in a piteous taking,
Since that which founded and ſupporteth them,
Is continually a ſhaking.

But to return to our Grand Monarch; he has beſides a very great love for magnificent Buildings; the *Louvre*, *Verſailles*, and the other places that he has made amazingly glorious, are eternal Monuments of it; upon the rebuilding of the *Louvre*, theſe Ingenious Verſes were made.

Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ulla
Urbſve domum, Dominum nec domus ulla parem.

Another on the ſame.

Regia, Rex, Regnum, Tria ſunt miracula mundi,
Rex animo, Regnum viribus, arte domus.

The

The Kingdom, King, and Palace built so well,
In Valour, Strength, and Art, all else excel.

[Though that was but a slovenly Compliement found upon the white Stone-wall at *Versailles*, where one had plentifully discharg'd his loose Tail against it, and finding it splatter'd out into streaks or rays, writ with a Coal under it, *Nec pluribus Impar*, alluding to the Sun the King's Device, with that Motto usually placed upon his Buildings.]

Yet this great Prince having laid up vast Treasures to supply the expence of his vaster Designs, has been, though very improperly Taped, with too much Parsimony; and we have examples of it in some Verses.

Etre fier quand il faut combatre,
Et en la paix doux & benin,
C'est ressembler à Henri *quatre,*
Et point du tout à Mazarine.

If thou art good in time of Peace,
And bravely bold at Dangers call;
Harry the Great th' art like in this,
And not *Mazarine* at all.

The others are too bold, and so impudently convey'd, that the King found them upon his dressing Table.

Tu

Tu és iſſu de Race Auguſte,
Ton Ayeul eſt Henry *le Grand,*
Et ton Pére Louis *le Juſte,*
Pour toy, tu n'és qu'un Louis *d'Argent.*

Thou art ſprung from a Race *Auguſt,*
The Name of great thy Grand-ſir, *Harry,* bore,
Thy Father was *Lewis* the Juſt,
For thy part thou art but a * *Lewis D'or.*

* *A piece of Mony called a Golden Lewis.*

The King was amazed when he read the Paper; and, they ſay, that he promiſed publickly, not only to Pardon the Author, but to reward him well for his Wit; but it ſeems he was ſo far from making himſelf known, that next Day in the ſame place were theſe Words.

Tu ne le ſçaura pas Louis,
Car j'étois ſeul quand je les fis.

Lewis the thing can ne're be known,
I writ it when I was alone.

However, notwithſtanding all theſe Satyrs upon him, the Humor of the King is to be liberal to Perſons of Merit, and Courage;

and

and he daily gives such evident Marks of it, that one may as well attempt to obscure the Sun's light, as endeavour to deprive him of the Glory of being Bountiful; that indeed which gave occasion to this Scandal, was the Kings prudence, whose Projects and Designs were so great, as that was applied to him, which was said of *Rome* by the Poet: *Imperium terris, animos æquabit Olympo.* Therefore to go through with his wonderful Enterprises, he was necessitated to lay up great quantities of Money, which is the sinews of War; besides the truest Polititians have ever made a distinction, between the Princes of the Houses of *Bourbon*, and those of the Family of *Valois.* The last being accused not only of too much Liberality, but excessive Prodigality, so far, that *Henry* the Third, the last of that Race, said plainly, *That he would willingly have divided his Kingdom among his Favourites*; and he always rewarded the services done him very Bountifully, yet he ever testified his trouble, that he could not do it according to their deserts. On the other side the Princes of the *Bourbon* Family, have always been thought to be more inclined to sparing than prosuseness. So that one said well, *That this Verse ought to be altered, Parca manus Belgis, Angliſque Superbia regnat*; and that it should be thus turned, *Parca manus Francis, Angliſque Surperbia regnat.* But to say truth, all

these

theſe are only the effects of the *French* Liberty of cenſuring.

The great conſtancy and firmneſs to thoſe he loves, is really the true Character of this King; for it's well known, he has never put to Death, or puniſhed any that were his Favourites. It is true indeed, that the Count *de Lauzun*, otherwiſe Monſieur *de Peguelin*, who at firſt was no more than a poor younger Brother, being arrived to an extraordinary degree of Favour, was ordered to be apprehended three times ſucceſſively; but ſtill with this reſerve, That the King wou'd never do him any harm, which is known to every Body, by the good Circumſtances he is in at preſent. This Great King has ever been remarkable for his great Civility, even from his Youth; and has been ſeen to pull off his Hat, and return a ſalute to Poor People. And has never offended againſt the Rules of Civility, or Manners; ſo that few People ever came from him diſſatisfied. Thoſe that ſay, he is not Brave, nor has a War-like Soul, have not well conſidered his Actions; for even in his Minority, he was forced to be in Action, and run through all the Provinces of his Kingdom, by reaſon of Commotions. When he grew up, he performed ſuch great Actions, as have aſtoniſhed all *Europe*, and have long kept it in ſuſpenſe, and at a ſtand!

OBSERVAT. III.

Upon the Life, and Manners of Lewis *of* Bourbon, *Prince of* Conde.

THE Prince of *Conde* was esteemed a Prodigy of Valor and Courage, and was therefore called the *Lion* and *Mars* of *France*; and in a Picture where he was represented, armed from Head to Foot, these Words were about it,

Hoc statu, hoc habitu Mars Gallicus ibat in hostem,
Condæi ora gerens vultumque animumque.

In effect, Monsieur *de Turenne*, who throughly understood his Valor and Worth, often said, *That he thought that never since the Foundation of the French Monarchy was ever seen, a Prince so full of Fire, and Courage, as the Prince of* Conde. But if he was a Man of Execution in War, he had no less a genius in the Cabinet, his Counsels have often been more Successful, than all those of the greatest Politicians of the Kingdom; which made an ingenious Writer say of him,

Et quæ beatos efficiunt
Condæus ipse Collecta tenet.

It

It is ſaid, that when the King had carried on his Conqueſt againſt the *Hollanders*, as far as *Utrecht*, the Prince of *Conde* adviſed the King, immediately to march reſoluely to *Amſterdam*; which once taken, he would be abſolutely Maſter of *Holland*, and facilitate his great Deſign; but Marſhal *Turenne*, who had a great Power over the Kings Mind, and Counſels hindered it; apprehending the Dams, that they were ready to cut, would overflow all the Country, which might deſtroy the King and all his Army; though thoſe that underſtood Matters beſt, ſaid, *That the Prince of* Conde's *Fire would have been more Advantagious, and Glorious for* France *than* Turennes *Lead.*

This Illuſtrious Prince was really beloved by all in *France*; but by his changing Sides, Pillaging, and Waſting the Country about *Paris*, as well as ſeveral other Provinces, he loſt the eſteem both of the Parliaments and People.

In the Firſt Civil War, he vigorouſly maintained *Mazarin*'s Quarrel, though his Brother the Prince of *Conty*, was the Head of the other Party, with the Cardinal *de Retz*, who mortally hated *Mazarin*; and it was merrily ſaid.

Le Cardinal de Retz *a juré par la Croſſe,*
Et le Prince de Conty *par ſa Boſſe,*

Nous irons tous deux à S. Germain.
Pour prendre Mazarin.

The Cardinal *de Retz* by his Crosier swore,
And *Conty* by the Crump that on Shoulder he bore,
That to St. *Germains* they would go,
And fetch *Mazarin* whether he would, or no.

To which the Prince of *Conde* replied, *Let that Crook-back Fellow come if he dares, and I'll so thwack his Crump-back with my Sword, that I'll make it flat.* But this Civil War was but like a Fire made of Straw, presently extinguished. And the Prince of *Conde* became so formidable, by his haughty Management, that the Cardinal, under the Name of the Royal Authority, Caused him, the Prince of *Conty* his Brother, and the Duke of *Longueville* his Brother in Law, to be Apprehended, and Imprisoned; their Party before, manifestly encreasing, so that every one almost of Note, used to be asked, *Friend, are you of* Conde, Longueville, *and* Conty's *Party?* Yet these three Princes had notice given them of the design against their Liberty, but they laughed at it, thinking themselves above all attempts. Eight Days before the News of their Imprisonment, as some extraordinary Praises of these Princes were

were read, in the publick News Book, before the Marſhal *de la Ferté*, who for his great Age, was commonly called the Eternal Father, and was a cunning old Gameſter, in intrigues of the Court. As ſoon as he heard theſe exceſſive Praiſes, he cried out, *Upon my Honour, in a Weekes time you'll hear theſe three Princes are clap'd up*, which ſo hapned exactly. There was then a remarkable Circumſtance, and a fine piece of Policy Obſerved of the Queen Regent; ſhe ſent for theſe three Princes, who coming to the Pallace Royal, the Queen came out of her Cloſet, and received them in her Antichamber with ſo many Careſſes, that ſhe quite took from them all the ſuſpition of the Danger, that their real Friends had inſinuated to them; and after ſhe had talked to them a good while, with a great deal of frankneſs, ſhe retired, ſaying, *My Lord Cardinal will come to you preſently*; the Princes then ſtaying a little, were very much ſurpriſed to ſee Monſieur *de Chabannes* very well Guarded, who arreſted them in the Kings Name; and as the Prince of *Conty* endeavoured to make a Noiſe, and ſome Reſiſtance, he told them, *My Lords, if you Reſiſt, your Buſineſs is done.* Upon this, the Prince of *Conde* gently replied, *Which way muſt we goe? Monſieur* de la Barre *ſhowing a pair of back Stairs*, ſaid, *You muſt goe this way.*

At the Stairs-foot they found a Coach, in which they were carried, without either Drum, or Trumpet, to *Vincennes*, which was their first Prison; from whence, sometime after, they were removed to *Havre de Grace*, and at last set free by the Cardinal himself. It is observed of this Prince, that his Temper, in point of Liberality, was very different in his Youth, from what it was afterwards. He then was called the Duke of *Enghuyen*, and to jeer his Father, who was counted the most Covetous Prince in *France*, he used to lay a heap of Gold before him, and take a Handful with one Hand, and put it into his Pocket, saying, *Thus my Father does*; and, then taking it out with t'other hand threw it about to those that passed by, saying, *Thus the Duke of* Enghuyen *does*; but since his Humor was very much altred, for he was afterwards extreamly addicted to sparing.

In his Youth he was much a Libertin, and loved to Divert himself by abusing People, there are two passages that are odd enough, then done by him. One is, That one Afternoon coming to *Laon* in *Picardy*, and the Dean of the Church, at the Head of all his Chapter, going in Ceremony to complement him; and as he was making a Speech, whether it was that the young Prince was out of Patience till it were done,

or

or that he did not like it, he bethought himſelf, to get rid of their Company, to ask aloud what a Clock it was; the Canons to ſhew the earneſtneſs that every one had to inform him, all anſwering aloud, *My Lord, it's Three*; **Allez-vous donc tous vous faire f--be Damn'd at Four.* He replied, **Goe then all and*

The other is the Judge or Mayor of a Country Town, meeting him full butt, undertaking to make a Speech to him; as he bowed very low before he began: The Prince, who was very nimble, leap'd over the Magiſtrate, and when he raiſed his head, the Prince was behind him, but Mr. Mayor, who wou'd make his Speech let what wou'd come of it, and turning about without being moved at this Caper, bowed again, but not ſo low, for fear of a ſecond; but the Prince not letting that ſerve his turn, clap'd his hands upon Mr. Mayor's Shoulders, and over again goes he; ſo that poor Fellow was forced to get him gone, without ſpeaking a word more, in the greateſt confuſion imaginable.

This Prince was very much given to his Pleaſure, and his Loves; and the Debaucheries of his Youth were notoriouſly known, and ſpoke of by every one.

OBSERVAT. IV.

Of some Particularities of the Life of Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, *Viscount of* Turenne.

I Do not pretend here to write the Life of Monsieur *de Turenne*; I only wish, for the sake of his Glory, that some person bolder, and of a capacity fit for so great a Design, wou'd undertake it: But though no one shou'd go about it, yet it is impossible that the Fame of the great Actions done by him shou'd ever be lost. The Transactions of *France* for forty years, are not to be described without writing his History. However, by reason for several years together, I have had the honour to be present with him at Actions both of the greatest, as well as smallest consequence; and that Historians often are ignorant of, or neglect very essential Particularities. I will endeavour by some small strokes, concerning both his History and Person, to leave a true Idea of this great Man to Posterity. That which I shall say to his advantage, ought to be the rather believed; because instead of being obliged by Kindnesses done by him, he utterly ruin'd my Fortune; but this Justice I owe him,

him, that he did it without any intention of injuring me.

Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, *Vicomte de Turenne* was of a middle ſtature, neither fat nor lean. His gate and mien had more of the modeſt, and timid in it, than any thing that appeared daring and bold. His Hair was of a Cheſtnut-brown, his Head large, and ſomewhat bending, his Colour ruddy, his Eyes large, and full of Fire and Life, but covered with thick Eye-brows that joined together. The turn of his Face was regular enough, but yet with a cheerful Air, there was ſomething of Cloudineſs joined. So that this mixture made up a Face that had ſomewhat extraordinary in it, and very difficult to be drawn. When a Child, he ſeemed to be but of a tender Conſtitution, nor was he perfectly healthful, till after he was twenty years old: When he was but ten, he ſtole from his Governour, and after they had long ſought, they found him laid aſleep upon the Carriage of a Cannon, reſolving, as he ſaid, to lye there all Night: For he had heard his Father, the Duke of *Boüillon* ſay, that he was perſwaded it would be a great while before he wou'd be robuſt enough to undergo the hardſhips of War, and therefore this young Prince thought that this would be a Proof to convince him to the contrary. The Duke of *Boüillon*, his Father, upon

upon his Death-Bed, called both him and his elder Brother to him, and after many Pious Councels, he recommended Three things to them. The Firſt, Never to forſake the Faith of Jeſus Chriſt, and the profeſſion of the Proteſtant Religion. The Second, Never to attempt any thing againſt the Service of their King. And the Third, Never to ſhock, in any kind, the Power of the chief Miniſter, or the great Favourite. Otherwiſe they would infallibly loſe their Credit, Eſtate, and Honor. Yet for all this, both of them acted quite contrary to theſe Maxims, in all their Affairs, and did not Obſerve any one of them; for they changed their Religion; fought againſt their King, and in a Hoſtile manner declared themſelves mortal Enemies, to the Premier Miniſters, and chief Favourites; which for ſome time made them very Unfortunate.

To return to Monſieur *de Turenne*; he began his Apprenticeſhip, in Arms, in *Holland*, under his Uncle the Prince of *Orange*; and we have in a Poet of that time this Expreſſion.

Hic Turennius Heros.
Cum Belgis miles primus protulit in Armis.

And then he was but a private Souldier; and performed all the Duties of a private Souldier,

Souldier, with ſuch Application, and ſo much Ardor, that it had like to coſt him his Life. He was ſent thither, when he was but Fourteen Years old: His inclination to the Wars was extraordinary, and perfectly Natural to him; and he applied himſelf to Souldiery, with that diligence, that from his very Infancy he ſeemed to be ſenſible of no other Paſſion, but that; ſo that in a very little time he gained a great Reputation: The Trade of War he followed all his life time, and lived 63 Years. And in the Judgment of every Body, he was thought worthy to come in Competition with the greateſt Generals that ever were. He had a good Underſtanding, and great Natural Parts; but in them there was ſtill obſerved much more Wiſdom and Solidity, than Brightneſs and Wit. In thoſe Affairs that were of great Conſequence, and very Preſſing, he was not long deliberating; and when he had once taken a reſolution he kept firmly to it: And what is more, he ſtill ſaw the End, and underſtood the Conſequence of things better and ſooner, than any one beſide himſelf, and could find out ways to accompliſh them. In all the courſe of his Life, he never had any perſonal Duel, or Quarrel; although, eſpecially at firſt, he ſerved under ſeveral that he had no great eſteem for; and he has commanded others, whoſe

Diſpo-

Diſpoſitions and Humors were very uneaſy, and that were yet more uneaſy, out of envy and emulation of his Glory: But, beſides his never giving Ear to any Tales, or Reports, he deſpiſed all diſadvantagious Diſcourſes, that he knew were made concerning him at any time; and his Mind being ever imployed about ſome great Deſign, he cared very little for any thing which did not really hinder it.

He never was tempted by any Enterpriſe, though Glorious for himſelf, and of certain Succeſs: If he in the leaſt believed it would hinder the Execution of another Deſign, more Beneficial to the Kingdom, though not ſo acceptable to him: For ſo much did he conſider the good of all publick Affairs, that to bring them to a happy Iſſue, he has very often ſacrificed his own Fortune and Benefit; and ſometimes even hazarded his Reputation; and far from throwing the leaſt misfortunes upon his inferior Officers, that he employed upon Service, he never failed to comfort them, and raiſe their Courage, when they met with ill Succeſs. Notwithſtanding the many occaſions of Choler and Vexation, that he has had from the firſt time he began to command, he never affronted any one; nor was he ever heard to break out into Anger, in his Family; and, though he was of a mild Temper,

and

and extraordinary Patience, yet it appeared that this rare Quality, ſo conſtantly practiſed, could not be the effect of his Diſpoſition alone, but a Virtue acquired. Once when he was juſt going to attack the Works of a place Beſieged, he found he wanted ſome Amunition Tools, that were abſolutely Neceſſary; and knowing that a Marſhal of *France* that commanded there, had more than he needed himſelf, he ſent one of his Guards to him to deſire them; who returned very much troubled, relating ſeveral rude things the Marſhal ſaid, and that he refuſed to lend them. Monſieur *Turenne* turning to the Officers that were near him, ſaid, *Since he is ſo Angry, we muſt make a ſhift without his Tools, and do as well as if we had them.* After this he Charged, and forced the Lines, and had all the Glory of the Action.

The laſt *Flanders* Campagne, ſome Courtiers returned from the Army very much incenſed againſt him, though without any reaſon. In the mean time, he, returning about a Month after them, found that their particular Piques had been improved into a general Diſguſt againſt him, ſo that there was ſcarce any body at Court that did not take a Pride to complain of him, and Valued themſelves upon ſpeaking ill of him. Several of them, and ſome of the beſt Quality, cauſed him to be told of it, and deſired to

adjuſt

adjuſt Matters, and come to a better Underſtanding: All the anſwer he made, was, *That he could not come to any adjuſting in the caſe, but that it was ſufficient for him to know, that he had never given any of them occaſion to be diſpleaſed with him.* Yet was not out of hope, but ſome other time, when perhaps he might give occaſion of Complaint, thoſe Gentlemen of the Court would be more favourable to him; ſo that afterwards they all came to ſee him, as if nothing of this kind had hapned, and carried himſelf to them, as if he had never heard any thing of it. He was incapable of Hatred, but very ſenſible of Love and Friendſhip. He was ſeen to melt into Tears, in the Streets of *Pontoiſe*, as ſoon as he heard his Brother, the Duke of *Boüillon*, was taken dangerouſly ill of the Sickneſs that he died of: His Tears were the more moving and Natural, becauſe he endeavoured to hide them. When he ſpoke of himſelf, it was with a great deal of Modeſty and Sincerity; for Diſcourſing with one of his Friends, two or three Days after the Duke of *Boüillon* died, theſe were his Words; *It is generally believed that I underſtand ſomething of War; but there is nothing more true than that I could learn very much of my Brother; and, for Buſineſs what Talents had he beyond me, and how much did he excel me?*

He was not always happy in the choice of his

his Friends, and yet he has bewailed the Death of ſome of them; and he had ſo much good Nature and Gentleneſs, that all the Blood he had ſeen ſpilt could never harden him, nor hinder him from being always mindful of advancing Perſons, notwithſtanding all the Ingratitude he had met with for ſo many Years together. When Fortune has not been favourable too, and he has really been Unhappy; yet Fame has ſtill done Juſtice to his Courage and Wiſdom; and he has often gained more Reputation, than thoſe that had the better of him, and were more Fortunate. He was very Ambitious, but the Conjuncture of the Times, and his own Prudence, made him always moderate, and conceal it: But if he had lived in thoſe former Ages that were ſo favourable to Conquerors, as his Glory had no bounds, ſo its probable his Fortune would not. In the time of the Regence, in the Year 1649, when *Paris* took up Arms againſt *Mazarine*, Monſieur *Turenne* enter'd into that Party, whether inclined to it by the fatal Conſtellation that then Reigned, or by a particular Diſguſt againſt that Miniſter, about his own Fortune, and that of his Family. He then commanded the Army in *Germany*, conſiſting of 12 or 15000 Men, almoſt all Strangers. He was extreamly Beloved, and Reſpected by them, which

was

was not occasioned by his Merit alone, but by his being so Disintereſt, and his frank and easy manner of living with the Army: Beſides moſt of the Officers owed their advancement to him, and had no Communication with the Court, but by his means; ſo that at laſt, at a great Entertainment that he made them at *Tubinge*, in the Dutchy of *Wirtemberg*, the principal Officers that were privately gained before, imparted the ſtate of Affairs to the others, and ſo ingaged them that before they parted, they all took a ſolemn Oath to follow him, whereever he would lead them, and acknowledge no other Superior but himſelf. This Engagement was made yet more ſolemn, and Publiſhed with the ſound of a Drum and Trumpet, and approved of by the Souldiers general Acclamations. So that in any change of a Party, there never was ſeen a more univerſal Content, nor more ſolid appearance of truſt. He declared to the *French* and others, that were not willing to embrace his Party, That he gave them free leave to retire, which, yet very few did. The next Day they Marched to enter into *France*; but the third Days March, Monſieur *Turenne* ſtopping at *Spire*, to finiſh the Bridge for the Army to paſs the River upon, *Longpré* Lieutenant Colonel of the Foot Regiment of *Vaubecourt*, came in all haſte to tell him, That *Thoubal*,

and

and *Chuſt*, 2 General Officers of the *Germans*, who owed every thing to Monſ. *Turenne*, and on whom he repoſed all manner of Confidence, had made all the Army change their mind, and they were already marching another way. Beſides, *Heruard*, was come to *Briſac*, from the King, with great Sums of Mony; both for Payment of the Army, and Gratifications that were neceſſary to be made on ſuch a preſſing occaſion. This turn was ſo great, and ſo ſudden, that the ſame Troops that a few Days before had ſhewed ſo much Zeal for Monſ. *Turenne*, had undoubtedly ſeized him Priſoner, if he had not immediately made his eſcape. This was the firſt time that he experimented how little Security Men have, both of their Life and Fortune, when that Security is only founded upon an Uſurped, and Illegal Power.

But it being impoſſible that ſo extraordinary an Action could be without ſome conſiderable Conſequence, the following Campagne, Monſ. *Turenne* was at the Head of the K. of *Spain*'s Army, and fought the Battle of *Rethel*, and loſt it. And, when he ſaw himſelf out of Hopes of doing any thing elſe but ſave his own Perſon, he turned aſide, and left thoſe that fled, mounted upon a wounded Horſe, and no body with him, but *la Barge*, Lieutenant of his Guard, whoſe Horſe was hurt too. After they had marched a little

way, they ſaw 5 Horſe coming up to them full ſpeed; ſays *la Barge* to him, *I have but one Piſtol left that I can fire, and you have fired yours; What will you do, Sir? Die,* la Barge, ſays he, *rather than be carried into* France, *to be made a Spectacle upon a Scaffold*; by that time 2 Horſe-men, that were a little before the others, came to them. *La Barge* rid up to one and killed him with his Piſtol; the other cloſing up to Monſ. *Turenne*, laid hold on his Belt, and cried, *I'll give you fair Quarter, Monſ.* Turenne; but he, at the ſame time, with his Sword run him through, and killed him, ſaying theſe Words; *Traytor, I am not* Turenne. One of the three Cavaliers that remained, who ſeemed to be an Officer, fired his Piſtol at him, but miſſed him: After which all 3 went away, without doing any thing elſe, whether diſcouraged by the Death of their Comerades, or that the deſtiny of *France* wou'd reſerve this Prince, for the great Services that he afterwards performed. In effect Monſ. *Turenne* had been loſt without all remedy, both his Horſe and *la Barge's* being wounded, and not able to go any further, but at that inſtant *Lavaux*, a Horſe Officer of the Regiment of *Beauvais*, came to him, and gave him his Horſe, to make his eſcape. After theſe 2 Actions, which he never remembred without teſtifying his Grief and Repentance for 'em, Poſterity will not without Admiration find

find him the year following, at the Head of one of the Kings Armies; and that they had an intire Confidence in him. But if this great and ſudden Change be without parallel, I leave it to Hiſtory to ſhew particularly, in all the following Actions of his Life, how Worthy of the Truſt repoſed in him, he ſhewed himſelf by his great Services and inviolable Fidelity. He began to make amends for the Misfortunes he fell into the 2 former years, by 2 Actions that he performed within 12 or 15 Days; one at *Gergeau*, and the other at *Bleneau*; and becauſe I was particularly preſent at them, and becauſe both times he ſaved the State and the King's Perſon, I will relate them. As ſoon as Monſ. *Turenne* received his neceſſary Orders for the Command of the Army, he left *Blois*, where the Court then was, and went towards *Sully* and *Gien*, to draw the Forces together that he was to command. The King was yet too young to go to the War, or take cogniſance of any Buſineſs; and the Q. Mother intirely left the whole Government of the Kingdom to Cardinal *Mazarine*. A few Days after Monſ. *Turenne*'s departure, the King left *Blois* to go to *Orleans*; but *Orleans* ſhutting the Gates againſt him, they reſolved to go to *Gien*; and, at the ſame time, as they without any caution paſſed under the Walls of *Gergeau*, a little Town upon the River *Loire*, the Baron

de Syron, who Commanded the Army of the confederate Princes, attack'd the Bridge of *Gergeau*, to force his Paſſage, and ſurprize the Court. He was already Maſter of the Gate on the other ſide the River, and was making a Lodgment, or Intrenchment about the middle of the Bridge, to break down the other Gate. Monſ. *Turenne* was already advanced to meet the King, but hearing the Noiſe of their Firing, left his Way, and threw himſelf into *Gergeau*; there he found ſome Foot, but ſo ill provided with Ammunition, that moſt of the Souldiers had not ſo much as a Charge of Powder left; whereupon, conſidering the ſtrait that things were reduced to, he cauſed the Gates to be opened, and the Draw-bridge to be let down: And, purpoſely that the Enemies might hear him, he gave the Word of Command as loud as he could ſpeak, to the Souldiers that lined the Curtain, *That no one ſhould dare to fire upon pain of Death*; then making thoſe that were with him quit their Horſes; and putting himſelf at the Head of them, he charg'd the Enemies ſo ſmartly, only with their Swords in their Hands, that he drove them from the Lodgment they made upon the Bridge; and in ſpight of all the Reſiſtance they could make, though aſſiſted by their Cannon that killed and hurt 8 or 10 Perſons near him, he puſhed them beyond the Bridge, and then cauſed

2 Arches

2 Arches of it to be broken down, to put the Court in a perfect ſtate of Security. The King arriving at *Gien*, Monſ. *Turenne* went from thence to poſt himſelf at *Briare*, with what Troops he had got together, and knowing that the Marſhal *d'Hoquincourt*, who was coming to join him with a conſiderable body of Men, near *Bleneau*, he went to view his Camp and conſult with him. Marſhal *d'Hoquincourt* was very brave, and bold enough to attempt and hazard all things; but he was one that accounted not foreſight and precaution as neceſſary Military Virtues. Af. they had ſeen ſome of his Quarters, Monſ. *Turenne* told him ſeveral times, *That he found he lay very open, and much expoſed, and that he counſelled him to draw nearer together, and fortifie himſelf on that ſide next* Briare. But he ſtill anſwered, *That there was no need to fear, and that a good Guard would remedy that Inconvenience:* But Monſ. *Turenne* was no ſooner returned to *Briare*, but the Marſhal was attack'd. As ſoon as he heard of it he gave the Court notice of it, and march'd ſtraight up to him with thoſe Troops that were with him at *Briare*; and the Neighbourhood ſent Orders to thoſe that were farther off to advance immediately, and marched with all his Artillery within half a League of *Briare*; but he then learned, by thoſe that fled, That Monſ. *d'Hoquincourt* was Totally routed.

This News was preſently after confirmed by a Priſoner, *Who aſſured him that the Enemies were making up to him, and that he had ſeen them upon their march.* All the General Officers were of Opinion, That they ſhould retire, and get near the King's Perſon as the only refuge in this caſe of Extremity. Their Forces being ſo unequal, but Monſ. *Turenne* whoſe mind was Labouring proportionably to the Importance and Danger of this Conjuncture, ſcarce anſwered them, but gave out his Orders to march on, and ſtill preſſed the Troops to make more haſte. Whereupon *la Barge* came to him, and informed him, *That every body murmured, and thought he went the way to loſe all, if he did not return to the King*; But, anſwered Monſ. *Turenne*, *That indeed is a fine Expedient*; *after the Example that* Orleans *has given, even before ever we received any check, Where now do you think they'll open their Gates, and admit us, when we ſhall come as Fugitives, and Beaten? No, no,* la Barge, *I now am weary of my Deſtiny*; *this is worſe than* Rethel; *I'll periſh, or ſave all.* The Day before, as he came back from Monſ. *d'Hoquincourt*'s Quarters, he took notice of a Marſh that made a long defile, or narrow paſs; the remembrance of this Marſh then coming into his mind, he judged by the Situation of Places, and as the Country lay, that the Enemy, to come to him, would be forced to paſs

paſs that way; upon this thought, without any more deliberation, he march'd on, and ſo very luckily, that he no ſooner had reached the Marſh on one ſide, but the Enemy appeared at the other; he then had not above 3500 Men, yet with them he made Head againſt a Victorious Army, of 14000 Men Commanded by the Prince of *Conde.*

They were already very much alarmed at the Defeat of Marſhal *d'Hoquincourt*, but upon Monſ. *Turenne*'s march they were in an abſolute Conſternation; Not doubting in the leaſt, but that the ſame Misfortune would befal him; in this extremity the only refuge they had, was to get the *Loire* between the Enemies and the King. The greateſt part of the Equipage was already ſent over, and they were beginning to Unfurniſh the Queens Apartment; and there were Pioneers ready to break the Arches of the Bridge, when the News came of this Succeſs of Monſ. *Turenne*, and they were quite reaſſured when they ſaw him, after the Enemies had retired to their Quarters, return and poſt himſelf with his Army at *Briare.* The ſame Day Cardinal *Mazarine* wrote to him for his Advice, about a relation of this matter, *That he intended to diſpatch to* Paris, *and into the Provinces to prevent any falſe and diſadvantagious Reports.* This Narrative began with the Tranſactions of the Day before, and mentioned the Counſel that

Monſ. *Turenne* gave Marſhal *d'Hoquincourt*, to Fortify himſelf; but Monſ. *Turenne* made that Paſſage be omitted, ſaying, *The Marſhal was Unfortunate enough, without adding any diſagreeable Circumſtance to his Misfortune.*

In all buſineſs he uſed but few Words, and was an utter Enemy to long Diſcourſes and unprofitable Circumſtances; and as to himſelf, his earneſt thinking made him often unawares ask Queſtions, which were not at all to the Purpoſe, and ſpeak Words that had no Coherence. Very often he would take a prejudice, which he could not eaſily overcome, and uſually he was rather diſguſted at the mien and air of People, than the Perſons themſelves; for Example, let a Man be never ſo brave in the Field, he could not endure him, if he took more care than ordinary againſt the injuries of the Weather. As for thoſe that he had no value for, or abſolutely deſpiſed, of what Quality ſo ever they were, it was with all the pain in the World that he brought himſelf to ſpeak to them, and obſerve common Meaſures of Civility: And the certain means to deſerve his Diſeſteem, was to boaſt, and to be too much given to praiſe themſelves. He could not endure to be counted a ſuſpicious Man, and apt to be prepoſſeſſed, whether it were to hide thoſe Defects, or elſe that his Sentiments were very oppoſite; and ſometimes it has

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hapned that he has told Secrets, that he ought to have concealed, and has appeared an open undiſguiſed Perſon, even at the coſt and damage of his moſt particular Friends. He was ſo much troubled to think that the World was perſuaded he was eaſily inclined to Partiality, that though he was always ready to prefer his Friends to all the advantages that depended upon him, and to ſerve them with his Fortune; yet he could not ſpeak in their Favour, with that boldneſs and earneſtneſs that he could for others, who were indifferent to him, only moved to it by a Spirit of Juſtice and Equity, and the Zeal he had for the Service and Glory of the King: Nay, he has often done good Offices, and procured Employments for thoſe that did not affect him, and ſome there are who rejoiced at his death, who perhaps, though they knew it not, own'd the good poſts they have in the World to his Endeavours and Goodneſs. He always lov'd his Family, but in the beginning he eſteemed it leſs than his own Fortune, and afterwards neglected even that for his Reputation and Glory: Yet upon all occaſions he aſſiſted his Relations beyond his Ability; and in favour of ſome of them ſtripped himſelf of ſome part of his Paternal Eſtate, being more concerned for their wants than his own. He never valued himſelf upon his giving, and the benefits in this kind that he conferred, was with

that

that wonderful Modeſty, that is ſo ſeldom met with, and yet is ſo very needful to Purify and Reform that Oſtentation which almoſt always accompanies Liberality; and this Virtue which is none of thoſe that uſually are found in old Age, was ſo Natural to him, that in the laſt years of his Life, he ſcattered his Money about even with more frankneſs than ever he had done before. In ſhort, though he ſerved a Noble and Liberal Maſter, and lived in an Age ſo abounding in making great Fortunes, yet he died much Poorer than he was left by his Father: And indeed one of the Qualities that he was moſt renounced for, was the little eſteem that he had for Wealth, which he valued ſo little, that they ſay, *He was Ignorant of the difference and value of the ſeveral Species of Coins.* All his Lieutenant Generals became as Wealthy as Princes; but he who was but a younger Brother, and by conſequence had not an Eſtate proportionable to his Quality, threw it away without any value for it, uſually ſaying, *He would have no other Purſe but the King's.* However he had ſo numerous an Equipage, that Madam *de Turenne* has often ſaid, *Were it not for the King's Money, both Monſ.* Turennes *Eſtate and mine would not be able to maintain us three years, at the rate that we live.* One Day ſome of his Friends talking with him about Riches, making ſome Compariſons, and Rallying him about

about that Subject, *He told them that, in truth, he could not comprehend the pleaſure Men took in keeping their Coffers ſtuffed with Money; and that for his part, if at the years end he had any conſiderable Sums of Money left, he believed it would nauſeate him as much, as, if coming from a great Feaſt, he ſhould be forced to ſit down to another.* When he died, though he were one of the Kings greateſt Favourites, and had a very conſiderable Government, and great Priviledges, and Commanded the Kings Armies, with almoſt Sovereign Authority; yet there was found but 500 Crowns in ready Money by him, with many Debts which he had contracted for the maintainance of his Troops, which the King paid immediately after his death. When he was in the County of *Mark* in *Germany*, Count *Coniſmark* Marſhal *de Camp*, propoſed to him a way how in 15 Days time he might gain by the means of Contributions 100000 Crowns, and that it might be done without the Courts having any Cogniſance of it; but he anſwered him laughing, *That he was obliged to him, but that after he had had many of thoſe Opportunities heretofore, without making advantage of them, he was not minded to begin, and change his cuſtom at this Age.*

All the care that he took of his Perſon, was only to be cleanly; all other things depended upon thoſe that ſerved him; looking for no great Care, neither in what concerned the

ſervice

ſervice of Himſelf and Family; ſo that both at the Court and the Army one might very often come into his Bed-Chamber, without ever finding any Domeſtick to adreſs one's ſelf to firſt; and for his Family Buſineſs, he always took the account in general, and ſeldom or never deſcended to particulars. He expreſſed himſelf with no fluency of Language, but rather with difficulty, which ever encreaſed as his Head was more upon Buſineſs. The tone of his Voice was loud, clear and firm; but when he ſpoke any thing that was never ſo little a Secret, he never thought he could ſpeak low enough; and the general Opinion of his natural miſtruſtfulneſs was ſo well grounded, that his mind was ſeldom eaſed by any Secret that he imparted. He was indefatigable both of Body and Mind, and for 40 years together his Health was uninterrupted, unleſs by a Fever of 8 or 10 Days, and ſome light touches of the Gout, a little before his death. In Affairs of conſequence, whether more or leſs difficult, he always acted with equal Vigilance, never Preſuming nor Deſpairing of Succeſs, and ever readier to make uſe of Superfluous than omit neceſſary Precautions. All his projects and ſtratagems of War, were upon great Wiſdom and extraordinary Foreſight: But when by Chance, or the neceſſity of Affairs he was to commit himſelf to Hazard and Fortune, he then

then abandoned himſelf to it, with all the Gayety and Boldneſs that even youth was capable of. Thoſe that ſerved under him, never knew his Deſigns, but the very moment they were to be put in Execution. He was the fitteſt Man in the World to ruine an Enemies Army, though his Forces were much Inferior, and end a Campagne with advantage, whoſe beginning afforded cauſe of apprehenſion. He never ſpared himſelf in any fatigues, but favoured others as much as it was poſſible. He was bold in his Enterpriſes, fearleſs in Danger, always even and ſteady in all great Actions of War and Policy, but timorous at Court, and very unexperienced in common Affairs. From the very moment that he was in the Army, one might diſtinguiſh a viſible change in his Air and Temper, he charmed and pleaſed every body by his gay and eaſy way of liviug; he never ſhut himſelf up, nor retired for Buſineſs; his Gates were always open, and there was not the leaſt mark of oſtentation, or haughtineſs in his Words or Actions. But when he was by Peace reduced to a privater Life, the ſuſpenſion of Glory which he gained in the Wars, left ſometimes room in his mind for Vanity, In this ſtate he did look more nearly how People carried themſelves to him, and ſomewhat change his way of living.

Sometimes the Power of being a Favourite made

made some Impression upon his mind and desires; but then retained either by Glory, or for fear of the Consequences, he always preferred his Liberty before any thing that might advance his Fortune. In the most difficult times he had no particular intimacy, or allyance with those that were in Power; so that he still upheld himself, and ever spoke with all the liberty and boldness of a Man of Honour, whenever he thought it absolutely necessary, either for his own Reputation, or the Service of his Master. After he had won the Battle of the *Downs* in *Flanders*, and took *Dunkirk*, Cardinal *Mazarine* passionately desired to make the Glory of those two great Actions his own; he would have had Monsr. *Turenne* have writ him a Letter, which should import, *That in effect they were due to the Cardinal alone, and that he had projected all things in his Cabinet, and that his orders only were exactly Executed.* Perhaps this Minister never shew'd a more earnest desire than in this thing. He committed the management of this business to the Count *de Moret*, a Gentleman of great Worth, his Favourite, and an intimate Friend of Monsr. *Turenne*. The Court was then at *Calais*, and Monsr. *Turenne* at *Dunkirk*. The Count *de Moret* went to him 2 or 3 times upon other pretences, but indeed only for this matter, and used all his endeavours to put out of the Cardinals Mind

a thing

a thing that was ſo little agreeable to his State and Profeſſion; and, at the ſame time, omitted nothing that might incline Monſ. *Turenne* to that Complaiſance that was deſired; but finding that he advanced not, he at laſt thought himſelf obliged to tell Monſ. *Turenne*, *That upon the firſt difficulties and ſcruples that he made, he had all the reaſon in the World to fear the Conſequence would be very diſadvantagious to his Fortune, ſince the Cardinal entertained them with extraordinary Impatience and Vexation.* Monſ. *Turenne*, who was not moved by Hopes and Promiſes, was no more capable of Fear; and therefore he ſtill anſwered, as he did at firſt, *That Cardinal* Mazarine *might put into Hiſtory all that was capable of flattering his Ambition moſt, and make Poſterity believe he was a great General; but as for his part he would never authoriſe a thing ſo contrary to his own Honour, and to the Truth.* At the ſame time almoſt, the King fell ſo dangerouſly ill, that they gave him over for dead. The Cardinal not believing himſelf well with Monſieur the Kings Brother, had a mind to make ſure of them that were about him, but he had reaſon to believe they would not be very favourable to him. In this extremity he had recourſe to Monſ. *Turenne*, and his deſign was to go to him, in caſe he were conſtrained to quit the Court. He therefore ſent the Count *de Moret* to engage him,

him, to offer himſelf to him, and oblige him to aſſure him the Army.

The Count *de Moret* had order to negotiate this Affair, with all addreſs imaginable, and only inſinuate things inſtead of ſaying them. But as he knew that was not the way to deal with Monſ. *Turenne*, he ſpoke to him of it, as he uſed to do, plainly without any management, or cunning; and the Viſcount promiſed that he would act publickly, as the Cardinals Friend; and if Monſieur came to the Crown, he would repreſent the ſtate of things to him, as they then ſtood, and that it would be very dangerous to take them out of the Hands of a Miniſter, ſo knowing, and ſo well eſtabliſhed as he was. Monſ. *Moret* judging that the Cardinal would not be ſatisfied with this anſwer, repreſented to Monſieur *Turenne* all that he thought was able to incline him to what was deſired; among other things, *He told him that there is no fear but that the Queen Mother would uphold the Cardinals Fortune, and that no body could doubt the influence ſhe had over Monſieur, nor that her protection would be wanting to the Cardinal*; *ſo that Monſ.* Turenne *offering himſelf to be of this Miniſters party, he might advantagiouſly, without hazarding any thing, do what was very meritorious, and what he would never forget.* The Viſcount anſwered, *That in all probability things would go after this manner,*

but

but that he would never promiſe any more than he had done; adding, that no advantage how great ſoever it were, ſhould ever tempt him either to make thoſe promiſes, that he might hereafter break, or be reduced to the neceſſity he had been formerly. The Cardinal was ſo little contented with this Anſwer, that after he had ſeveral times ſworn the ruine of M. *Turenne*, he ſpoke many extravagant things, ſometimes in Fury, and other times mov'd by Fear and Deſpair. But the King recovering, and the War continuing; the Cardinal either ſuſpended, or forgot his reſentment. He was pleaſed with the Company of Learned and Ingenious Men, but he had no kindneſs for thoſe that were profeſt Wits; they never taſted of his Bounty, nor had he much ſhare, or mention in their Productions. When he had no Buſineſs, he lov'd to divert himſelf, eſpecially at his Meals, but without any exceſs. He was ſoon mov'd to laugh at pleaſant Diſcourſe; and he himſelf Rally'd very handſomly, but always with abundance of Diſcretion and Humanity. He was pleaſed with any Ingenious Productions, and lov'd to read good Books, eſpecially Hiſtory, and made his uſe of it; but ſeldom was heard to Quote it. He was not able to bear Flattery, as ſuch, but when it was diſguiſed under the appearance of Friendſhip, that any one took an eaſy Natural way to praiſe him. He eaſily afforded matter of Diſcourſe; and it was not very difficult for a Flatterer to inſinuate himſelf into his Confidence and Belief, and make his advantage of it.

He was born a Proteſtant, and profeſſed that Religion above 50 years, without being well inſtructed in it; at that Age he began to doubt,

but without making it known to any one, and then he endeavoured to inform by reading, which only ſerv'd to multiply ſcruples; at laſt he was forced to come to Conferences, but only by way of Converſation, for fear of letting his Condition be known. The Q. Mother diſcovered it, and ſpoke to him of it, letting him know, that beſides the conſideration of ſaving his Soul, there were ſome Temporal advantages that moved her ſo earneſtly to deſire his being a Catholick. This Diſcourſe, tho able to make a great Impreſſion upon many other Perſons, ſtopp'd all theſe good motions, and cauſed him to remain ſome years as he was, neglecting to inform himſelf any farther. For it is moſt true, that he feared leſt his Converſion ſhould be followed by ſome extraordinary Favour, capable of making the Honeſty, and Sincerity of his intentions be ill interpreted, and of blemiſhing his Honor: But, at laſt, preſſed by his Conſcience, he opened his Mind; firſt to the B. of *Condom*, who is now B. of *Meaux*; then to the B. of *Tournay*, who was his particular Friend, and ſpoke alſo to his Nephew the Card. *de Boüillon*, whom it ſeems God had a mind to employ to finiſh this great Mans Converſion. At length convinced that he was out of the true Church, he abjured before the A. B. of *Paris*, without giving any notice of it till the preceding Evening, nor did the K. himſelf know of his deſign but a little before.

The Love and Veneration that the Army always had for him, was very much encreaſed in his laſt Campaigns, which appeared among other Demonſtrations of it the year before his Death, in that wonderful expedition when he march'd to attack the Enemies in *Germany*. One Day when the Army was

was passing through a long defile, or narrow pass, he turned a little aside out of the way, and lay down behind a Bush; while he slept, there the Souldiers saw him, and finding him almost covered with snow, they run in all haste into the neighbouring Fields, to cut down Boughs of Trees to make him a Hut; and as they were making it, there came by some Troopers who seeing the Hut did not cover him from the Weather, and keep him dry, they strove who should first lay their Cloaks over it, to make a kind of Tent: With the Noise that they made he awaked, and asking them, *Why they did not March, and what they were doing? We are preserving our General*, said they, *that is our chiefest Business, for if we lose him, we shall never see our Country more.* Whereupon, he not being able to make 'em leave off their Work, and not willing to shew his Absolute Power, by any rigorous Commands, or Usage upon this occasion, he was forced to get on Horse-back again, and March too. All his Campaigns since the War against *Holland*, being such prodigies of Valour and Judgment, which would afford matter for several Volumes, if any one would justly describe them. But after having escaped several dangerous Engagements, he was killed in the Field; being hit on the Breast by a random Cannon-shot. The News of his Death wonderfully affected the Gentry and Nobility, and made a great impression upon all sorts of People, who for many Days, could speak of nothing but this great loss. Many there were that lamented him, who had never seen him; some moved to it by the remembrance of his Actions, others when they considered the Services he might have done for the future; and all were generally touched with Grief at the relation of his Death. At *Paris*, and in the neighbouring Provinces, but particularly in the Frontiers of the Country, where the seat of War was, their Grief was much greater, because they knew him better, and were used to see him every Winter. To conclude; his loss look'd like to the total defeat of some Army, where every particular Person in the Kingdom had lost either his Estate, or his dearest Friend. Though in his life time there was published a Comparison between him and *Cæsar*; I believe, that I may observe, that if the likeness did not hold, by reason of the different ways to Glory, under the Government of a Monarchy, and that of a Common-wealth, so there was as much difference

rence in the manner of their Deaths. Cæsar *was murther'd in time of Peace by his fellow Citizens, whom he had oppreſt*; but M. Turenne, *belov'd and eſteem'd by every body, loſt his life with his Arms in his Hands, ſerving his King and Country, without any other intereſt or motive, but that of his Duty and Reputation.*

He began to appear under *Lewis* 13. being upheld by his own Deſerts and Quality; only he liv'd without any Favour, or Diſgrace, all the time that Card. *Richelieu* Govern'd. Under Card. *Mazarines* Miniſtry, he had ſeveral turns of Fortune, but ſhe was always proſperous, and favourable to him the laſt 20 years of his life. He had a 1000 occaſions of gaining Reputations and Glory, which all the Hiſtories of *Europe* will immortalize. He eſteem'd himſelf the happier in that he ſerv'd a K. that had all the Qualities to be deſired in a Maſter, and who treated him with ſo much intimacy and eſteem, that he lov'd him as his Friend. I leave to thoſe that write his Hiſtory, to relate to how high a point of Glory, he carried the reputation of the Kings Arms in his laſt War, and what his Projects and Wiſhes were, concerning the Affairs of *Germany*, and the great advantages that he promiſed himſelf when his Death hapned. I will now only add, that he was ever ſo far from Preſumption, that when ever he began to hope well of any enterpriſe, his hopes might be accounted on as a certainty of a happy Succeſs.

The King did him the Honor to cauſe him to be buried at St. *Dennis*, with the Crown'd Heads of *France*; (an Honor which was never granted but to him, and the Conſtable *Bertrand du Gueſelein*) which occaſion'd this Epitaph.

Turenne à ſon Tombeau parmi ceux de nos Rois,
C'eſt le fruit glorieux de ſes fameux Exploits;
La France *veut par là couronner ſa Vaillance,*
A fin de faire voir aux Siécles à venir,
Qu'elle fait peu de difference
De porter la Couronne ou de la ſoûtenir.

Turenne interr'd among our Princes lies,
The juſt reward for all his Victories;
'Tis the laſt debt *France* to her Hero owes,
And gratefully lets after Ages know,
How ſmall a difference ought to be ſhown,
'Twixt him that wears, and that ſupports a Crown.

FINIS.